

VOICE

JUNE 1996 VOLUME 3 NUMBER 8

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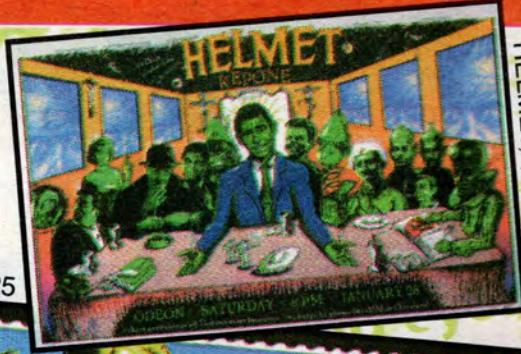
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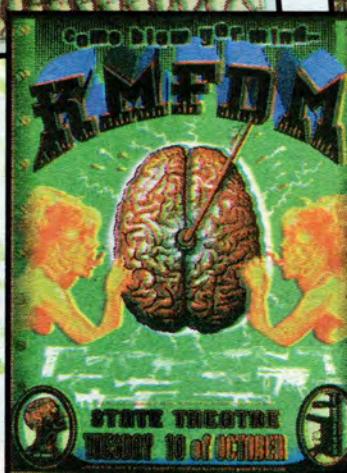


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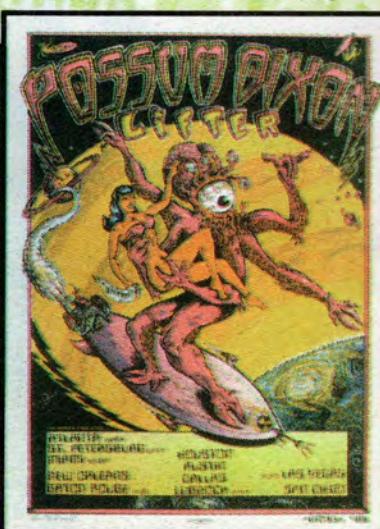
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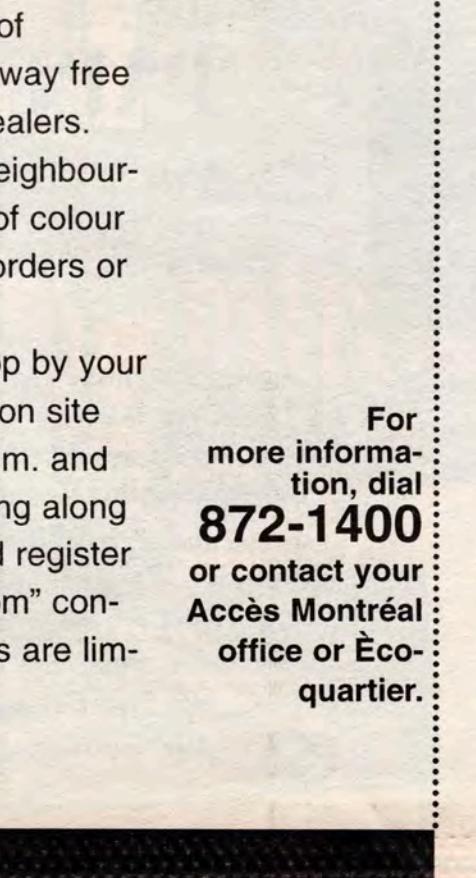
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Cover by Frank Kozik (imaging and cover design by Simon Briscoe)

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"... perhaps I'm not as popular as I would be if I achieved international success"
-Ed The Human Robot



Susan is one of those always-on-her-own, ride-her-bike-everywhere type of girls that you'd like to marry but thinks you're an idiot.



Voice maid extrodinaire Johnny Dixie would like to do a bit of dusting up around your house. Would you like that? Contact us for more details.

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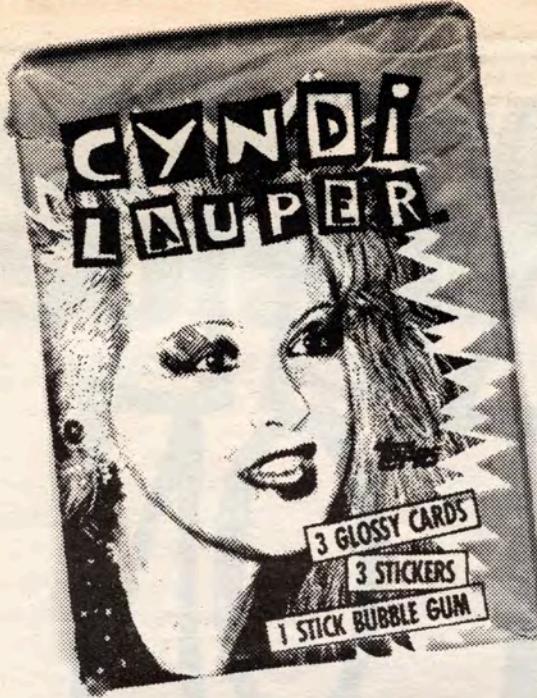
Twister, Eric Digras, Bayanni C. Esguerra.

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Cyndi Lauper Trading Cards
First she made it OK for an entire generation of new wavers to masturbate with her smash hit "She Bop", then ten years later she attempted a comeback by re-releasing the exact same album. She's so unusual. Each pack comes with three stickers, a piece of old school Bazooka Joe gum and pertinent Lauper facts like "Cyndi is only five feet three inches tall and started her own band, Flyer, in 1974."

Rap Musk
Ever get embarrassed when you're the only white guy at a hip hop show? Well, with a few squirts of Rap Musk you can blend right into the African scene and become just another one of the brothers. Be sure to dance real excitedly and say things like "I'm starvin' Marvin" and "Hey, hey, hey, foxy lady, what's happening?"



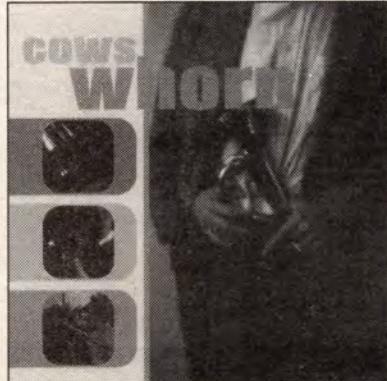
Eight Foot Beef Stick

The problem with beef sticks is they're too short. And the beauty of the Bridgford eight foot long beef stick is you can eat it surfing, riding horseback or just plain watching TV. Whatever you do when you're eating your 2.3 meters of starter culture and sodium nitrite don't ask yourself "what the fuck is this thing I'm putting into my body and why does it last for up to three years?"



Death Cigarettes

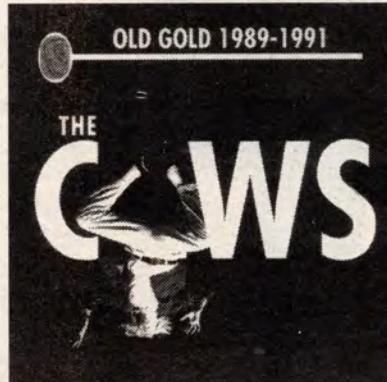
Cigarettes are really cool because they continually irritate your throat until your body says "Oh, I'd better produce lots of tissue because my owner keeps irritating it" and proceeds to make so much back up skin you have a something called a tumor. That's what they call throat cancer and after they remove it you get one of those computer things for the hole in your throat that makes your voice sound cool.



COWS Whore

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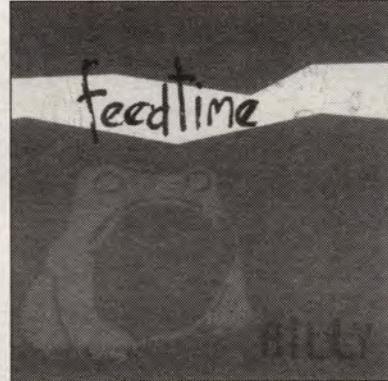
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COWS Old Gold

Old Gold compiles damn near every debauched moment that cast Cows as most likely to be feared and least likely to be understood.

AmRep 047 CD CS



FEEDTIME Billy

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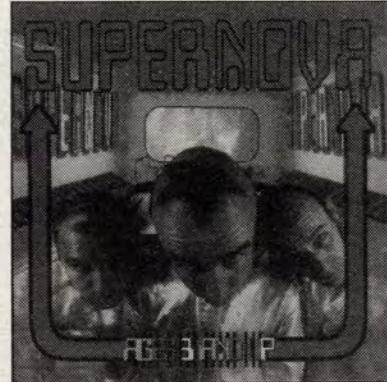
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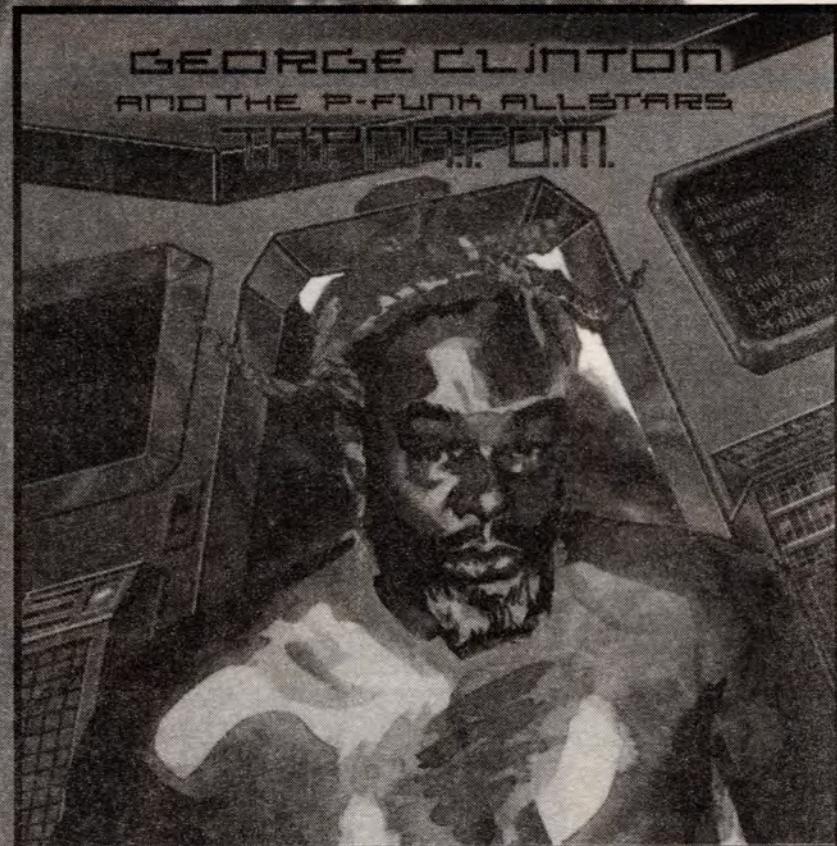
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Voice Magazine's tips on staying COOL THIS SUMMER

light bonfires, rage on ramps, and fight fascists.

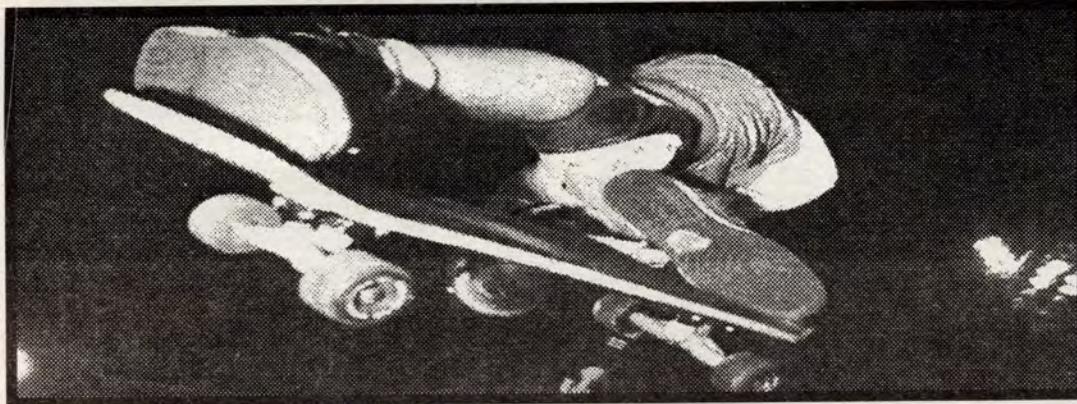
by Suroosh Y. Alvi

Over the last few years North America's summer events and rock tours have gone in a terribly evil direction: Monsters of Rock type tours where you pay a hundred bucks only to be surrounded by jocks with mullets, with a few hip indie bands on the roster for added credibility. Give me a break,

Vermont and Eastern Canada to support an event that will benefit the Dans la Rue organization for street kids. This Jamboree is the perfect opportunity for all youth to get away from the sweltering heat of the cities and enjoy the scenery and fresh air on a wicked farm in the Eastern Townships. So listen

ey rink simultaneously with hundreds of skaters meteorically hurtling themselves at one another and a competition going on in the midst of it all. It was beautiful chaos but as Greenland's Paget Williams figures, "We were lucky to get out of that one alive." So this year's event will showcase bands at a different venue from the skate comp, which will make both events more oriented for the spectator, but that's okay. No one loses an eye this way.

Men 'O' Steel, Shades of Culture, Soled Out, and Satanic Surfers will play Montreal's Mountie and the same line up, but with 1000 Mona Lisas instead of Soled Out at Toronto's Beaver. Tickets \$10.00 for each event or \$18.00 for both. Also, keep your eyes peeled for the Warp tour in July.



these events have become shamelessly transparent excuses to make money. While the first Lollapalooza tour was an innovative concept it's time for something different. Here are the Voice's summertime picks.

1) The Sunnymead Jamboree

The story goes something like this, last winter a young farmer by the name of Mike Persons approached Montreal concert promoters Greenland Productions and proposed the idea of having a rockfest on his farm. His dream was to have John Mellencamp play a concert on his six hundred acres of land.

In July his dream will be realized, kind of. Instead of having an American farmboy play the fest, the crafty folks at Greenland figured it made more sense to support our own up and coming bands and have Canadian talent play. This is what they came up with: a camp-out bash in the middle of the summer with the Doughboys, Grim Skunk, Paper Route, Reset, Lofofora and about ten other bands who will play July 12-13, along with an artist's village, for only ten bucks a night.

Happening in West Brome, Quebec, about an hour from Montreal, one of the objectives is to get five thousand fans from Ontario, Quebec,

up all young punks: take off your leather gear! Run through the lush green meadows in your shorts! Have bonfires! Make friends! Camp-out! Enjoy fine sounding punk rock music!

Stay tuned next month for a full line-up of bands and events scheduled. A shuttle bus will be running regularly from Montreal to Sunnymead over the course of the festival and tickets will be on sale starting June 7 at all Admission ticket outlets.

2) Ramp Rage III - The Beaver and The Mountie - I'm So Bored

The biggest pro skateboard event in eastern Canada and, now in its third year, this year's skate/punk fest will be donating all profits to the Prometheus Foundation, a Montreal-based organization set up to help kids stay in school. Ramp Rage's first part, "the Beaver" will take place in Toronto from May 31 to June 1 and will focus on "vert" skills with an eleven foot high half-pipe. Montreal's "Mountie" segment on June 7-8 will focus on street styles (grinds, jumps, etc.)

Damn, this event sure has changed a lot since its inception, when the bands played in a hock-

3) Youth Against Hate: Anti-Racist / Anti-Fascist Organizing Conference

Sick of nazis? Sick of racist assholes? If you feel these people are bad and they give you a headache then check out this conference. The goal is to bring together anti-racists from Ontario and beyond, share skills and information, discuss strategies, check out speakers and workshops and best of all... NAZI FREE ZONES!!!

For your added enjoyment, the conference will include an all-ages ska and reggae show at the El Mocambo (464 Spadina Avenue) with Toronto's Arsenals, Detroit's Parka Kings, reggae with Wailin' Souljahs and dancehall with Women ah Run Tings Band. The organizers are asking for a contribution of \$10 per day, which covers meals and a place to stay for out-of-town guests.

Pre-registration is necessary, contact Anti-Racist Action at (416) 631-8835, P.O. Box 291, Station B, Toronto, Ontario

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THE HUMAN ROBOT

by Derrick Beckles

Dear Canada,
You have relentlessly tried to find examples to set you apart from other countries, both culturally and historically. So far you have cited loons, space arms, the CN tower, toques, hockey haircuts and beer guts. But why not dig deeper?

Computer people are a crucial part of our identity and before any rainbow-suspended person broke into the robot at your high school dance, before C3PO, before we even knew we were the robo-nation there was Ed Street, Canada's leading human robot. He is more than a disco dance craze, he is a poet, a photographer and a philosopher. He is a Canadian icon.

After countless phone calls and a series of evasive car maneuvers (matched only by the A-Team) Ed was satisfied with my "vibe" and the interview began.

Voice: When did you discover The Human Robot.

Ed: Twenty-seven years ago on a street corner as a joke.

Are there any other robots that perform a similar act?

There are a couple of others, not a lot of competition. I'll pull my string a little. They say I'm the best.

So I assume you've developed your own style?

Oh yeah definitely. People want to compete but often it's for other reasons.

Such as?

In Montreal in 1975 there was a guy who was my physical double. He was trying to pretend he was me so I met him at Atwater Metro. We went out for dinner and he asked me to teach him a few moves. I wasn't getting good vibes from him. I said "I don't think that's a good idea" but he didn't believe in stopping! (long pause) I had my lawyer draw up a letter and I never heard from the fake robot again.

How many shows do you think you've done?

Over the last twenty years? Thousands.

Is there a difference between doing it for a large crowd at say,

Vancouver Expo or doing it for less people at the men's department in Eatons?

The performance depends on the mood of the crowd, which can be enjoying it or can become threatening. When I was working at the CNE in Toronto a mother told her child that if he didn't believe that I was real to go up and kick me. So I walked up to the Mother...

As yourself or as The Human Robot?

As myself, the robot and I asked "Are you responsible for this child?" and she told her kid to kick me again. That's when I stopped my act and told her I would have security escort her off the property. There is a point where you cannot lose control. It's not good for PR. Now I'll make sure security is there. I instruct them not to interfere unless the situation gets out of hand.

Has there been any other elements of danger?

I did a commercial once for a stereo company. I was dressed up as a robot and after every take they would have to give me oxygen. I'm serious. I lost ten pounds in that suit during eighteen hours of shooting.

How much of the robot is in you and how much of the robot is you?

I've never been asked that (pause). It's an act but it's part of me. It's become more a part of me over the last twenty-seven



parents to be the way they wish us to be. We are programmed by our schools to learn the way society wants us to. We are programmed by the boss to do it his way or...

Or the highway?

There you go. Even the government tells you what to do.

Now, you've met a lot of celebrities in your time; Steve Podborski, Marcel Marceau, Larry Wilcox of CHIPS and even Phyllis Diller.

There is a rap band that claims to have more rhymes than Phyllis Diller. When you met her did you find she did a lot of rhyming?

I don't remember that, it was twenty years ago.

Was that your peak of popularity?

There was a point in Montreal when I couldn't walk down St. Catherine without being stopped. The manager from April Wine told me he would get me on the Carson show. That was a little too big. It becomes a point of privacy. I worked at my own pace, perhaps I'm not as popular as I would be if I achieved international success.

There are times when the cameras overtake me and I think about quitting but I get pulled back into it.

Do you mind reading some poetry?
Not at all ...

I then leaned back in my brown corduroy chair, sipped cheap wine and stared at the Vancouver skyline as Ed recited some of the most powerful poetry I have ever heard.

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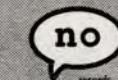
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KOREAN GANGSTERS

by Kelleigh Touchstone



photo: Adrienne Cartagini

It's overwhelming how sweet and naive Koreans appear. Collectively they are some of the nicest people I've ever encountered and for my first month in Seoul I was sure there were absolutely no "bad" Koreans. The idea that there were "gangs" in this country seemed absolutely preposterous. But having lived in Seoul for a year now I've discovered that beneath the friendly facade and ramen noodles lies a disturbingly violent and depraved underworld.

Let me tell you about a recent "violence circle" called "M." It consisted of nineteen teenagers and was headed by a seventeen-year-old named Mr. Cho. Mr. Cho's story is fairly typical, he was a regular student until he went to a boy's jail for stealing a bike. After he got out he was ostracized by his peers and kicked out of school.

There are video game rooms and comic book lounges in Seoul that stay open twenty-four hours and have sofas for street kids to sleep on. Late at night they show pornos and serve ramen noodles. Wicked, eh?

This is where Mr. Cho was welcome and began spending his time drinking, smoking, sniffing glue, etc. This is also where he organized his violence circle. After watching a Chinese film, they adopted an "action principal" to seek revenge against anyone who discriminated against them for

having been in jail. They began mugging students and robbing houses. Although Mr. Cho is notorious for being a good fighter, and has been invited into a larger mafia/yakuza type gang because of it, his arrest record is minimal, with only four robberies and one assault listed against a man who reported some of his members to police. Some say his short record is because of his influential father and his mother who, ironically or not, is on a rehabilitation board. He says that sometimes he thinks

Yang, twenty-two; Kang Mun-Sop, twenty; Mun Sang-Rok, twenty-two; and Paek Byong-Ok, twenty. They were all laborers, mostly construction workers, who committed crimes out of "hatred and resentment" toward Korean social levels and the importance put on wealth in this country. They acquired a list of seemingly rich people who drove expensive cars and shopped at expensive department stores in Seoul. They purchased this list for eight million won (\$1 000 US) from a former

began kidnapping wealthy people and demanding large ransoms from their families. They always murdered their victims, even when the ransom was paid, in order to "perfectly cover up" their crimes. After murdering the victims, the killers burned the bodies in an incinerator in their basement and then buried the remains on a nearby mountain. They later admitted to eating some of the flesh of the unlucky ones, in order to "give up being human beings" and to "cultivate criminal courage."

when they kidnapped Lee Chongwon, thirty-six, and his girlfriend. They decided to cover up this murder by fabricating a drunk-driving accident instead of the usual BBQ in the basement. They forced him to drink wine, suffocated him with a vinyl bag, then put him in a car and pushed it off a cliff. This wasn't where they made a mistake, though. The main fuck up was letting his girlfriend live for a few days. She escaped and then led police to their hide out. Once there, the police found hunting knives, an air rifle, bundles of dynamite, hand axes, electric weapons, hundreds of million won and, of course, the basement furnace with an extractor fan installed for the cannibal cook outs.

So despite the special training they received to prevent members from deserting, their preliminary "practice murder," and their big plans to seize control of a television station to air their complaints about social injustice, the kids were caught and taken downtown. They were arrested in September 1994, sentenced on Halloween 1994, and hung almost exactly one year later on November 2, 1995. But, I guess, they weren't all bad. I mean, some of them did leave their organs for donation after the execution.

Voice Magazine's Korean correspondent, Kelleigh Touchstone, has been teaching English in Seoul for the last year and makes three hundred dollars a day.

They later admitted to eating some of the flesh of the unlucky ones, in order to "give up being human beings" and to "cultivate criminal courage."

of his parents asking him to lead a good life and sympathizes, but doesn't feel he can return to society and be accepted without judgment. Only in the "dark world" can he succeed.

This show of rebellion is quite rare in Korea, but it's small beans compared to the Chijon family from two years ago. This gang consisted of six members: Kim Kihwan, twenty-six (leader); Kand Tong-Un, twenty-one; Kim Hyon-

middle school classmate of one of the gangsters. This kid apparently had grown up and gotten a nice respectable job as an arms dealer and also planned to supply the Chijon family with assault rifles and other weapons of mass destruction to aid in their plan to "wipe out" all rich people.

The Chijon family started by gang-raping and murdering a twenty-three year old woman as a bid to "find the perfect crime." Then they

The gang first became under suspicion after Soh-Yun Oh, forty-two, president of a machinery manufacturing plant, and his wife came up missing. It was later revealed that the Chijon family had received eighty million won (over \$10 000 US) in ransom from an employee in Soh's company. Later, after Soh and his wife still weren't returned, the employee reported it to the police.

The boys finally slipped up

The Vancouver Music West Festival CALLING ALL PIGS

by Derrick Beckles



I recommend Music West to all marketing people and whores. A wonderful time was had by all, a pure joy. How long my Music West experience will remain drilled in my mind remains to be seen.

When offered the opportunity to cover the Music West Festival there was no doubt that part of the duties incurred would include hob nobbing with the greats and residual flashes of lights from paparazzi flash bulbs, all while

scurrying from one event to another. If the experiences of Music West turned into any form of currency one would be left holding a wallet full of watery shit. With that said:

Thursday May 2nd - 3 pm

I journey to the Plaza of Nations to pick up my press pass and goodies. An elite security team of bored females greet me with forced smiles and hand me a bag of paper along with my press pass. I show no ID. This is the first hint that this may not be the event originally envisioned.

8 pm — Roxy's living room

I go to the home of a one Miss Roxy and enjoy a beer. It's not in the official Music West calendar of events but later proves to be the highlight of the festival.

10 pm — Town Pump

I flash my impressive pink Granville Island Breweries wristband and scoot past the three people ahead of me. I distribute copies of the *Voice* and witness Sex With Nixon. Next up is The Real MacKenzies; the audience revels in their Sottishness. Much like me revelling in my Africanness during a screening of *Soul Man*.

Friday May 3rd — 10 pm

I dash off to the Hungry Eye to see The Rhythm Pigs, a wonderfully punk band from old school ville. Of course, they don't make it across the border. Instead I see

The McCrackins. I wanted delicious pure milk chocolate, instead I received Pokey. The next unscheduled event is the crushing and hurling out into the streets of *Misery and Vomit*'s own Chantale Doyle. Her crime: she was blocking the bar. The punishment exacted is so excessive that I intervene and, after staging my own version of a Summer Slam, four bouncers hurl me into the streets. I spend the next hour calling 911 telling an operator I was mistreated by mini-cops, while people who have had their eyeballs gouged out with spoons are receiving a busy signal. I realize I've been transformed into a pussy.

Saturday May 4th — afternoon

The Skate Jam Air Competition; niceness. The ingenious, crafty, and always resourceful skaters discovered that pieces of colored paper placed around one's wrist are accepted as bona fide all day passes by the MENSA members who double as security, a beaut-cake. Ten Days Late play their lovely set and leave all thirteen-year-old boys holding their skateboards at groin level.

I am then promised a position on Bad Religion's guest list via well intentioned friend. I go to see Excene Cervenka and professor Griff speak on censorship, a combination not witnessed since my parents' wedding. I don't get in.

10 pm

I see the heads of twelve-year-olds and Bad Religion members from the other side of the fence. Security apparently misplaced the guest list.

Sunday May 5th — afternoon

I sneak into a demo critique. Now get this, human beings lay their hearts and souls on the line to be critiqued by industry representatives. It's not unlike putting the law into the hands of the police. The panel were as interested as jaded high school guidance counselors. Highlight: a particular individual's music was described as "Herky Jerky" by one of the panelists.

Afternoon — Vancouver Lounge

I sit on a Pluderphonics Q & A, showcasing John Oswald, a man who has had a love affair with sampling since the early seventies. It revealed itself to be a pleasurable experience. Amid a festival dedicated to teaching "artists" how to turn a profit, this was a pleasant change.

Night — Commodore Ball Room

SNFU. Delicious. WONDERFUL. They opened for Spiderbait who proved that Australian music is best left in Australia.

Night — My Home

Sting, Alanis Morissette and myself smoke opium and jam to an hour long version of the famous McCain's pizza pockets commercial. It seems I had the most fun at unscheduled events.

FOREVER LOST BOYZ

by Cheeba

About a year ago *The Lost Boyz* exploded on the scene with a moody and hyper-realistic single called "Life Styles Of The Rich and Shameless." It soon became an underground hit and turned up on many DJ's mixed tapes and bootleg vinyl in record stores. Heads ate it up and *The Boyz* came back hard with their follow-up "Jeeps, Lex Coups, Bimaz and Benz," a track which appeared to have a materialistic out-look but expressed a sense of unity for the hip-hop nation. It became apparent that an album would follow, but as the months went by people started asking questions. Then came "Renee," a true life inspired melancholy tale of ghetto love that ends in tragedy. The track and video received madd play and solidified *The Lost Boyz* as a force in hip-hop music. Numerous guest spots on a variety of singles and remixes followed, including Mona Lisa's "Can't Be

"Wasting My Time" and SWV's "You're The One," furthering the reputation of the group as some of the tightest MC's on the scene. Now on the eve of the squad's debut release, an album that definitely delivers the goods in terms of lyrical and production finesse, I had the chance to talk with Pretty Lou about what it takes to be a Lost Boy.

Voice: What went down at Uptown?

Pretty Lou: Creative differences.

So you're happy at Universal?

Yes, we've found a great home at Universal.

Were the delays in the release of your album just due to the label switch, or did you make artistic changes as well?

We made a few artistic changes.

Will you guys be touring to promote the album?

Yeah, uh-huh.

How about Canada?

Yeah, I really hope so.

Have you ever been up here before?

Never.

What goes down in a typical day of The Lost Boyz?

Well, it's a lot of smoke. (Laughs) Lets make that known first, a lot of smoke goes down.

How did you go about putting tracks together for your album?

Well, um... a lot of that was arranged through different producers at Uptown. Some of the tracks were produced by guys we know.

In terms of writing, does most of it come from freestyling or is it more based on certain themes, like on "Renee"?

That one was written about a girl who died on Christmas day. It's a real true story. It has some flavorization to it, but it's a true story she died on Christmas day, she got shot.

So she was a friend of yours?

We knew her.

Aside from touring and all that, do you have any other plans? Are you working with anybody else right now?

We're working with like two, three groups in the studio right now. One of the groups, who are on the verge of being signed, they're called Mass Hysteria.

They're from Queens?

Uh-huh, and another group we have is called Queens Most Wanted.

What are you guys listening to down there right now?

Ah let me see... I have R. Kelly in my radio right now.

Oh yeah, which track?

"Baby, Baby, Baby."

So you listen to a lot of R&B?

Yeah we listen to R&B. See we listen to all types of music. We're music lovers. We don't just listen to hip-hop, we don't just listen to R&B, we listen to everything.

You're all family right?

Cheeks and Tah are brothers. They're my cousins. They're

Spiggs cousin too. He's my cousin.

So I guess it's pretty much been since day one.

Since day one.

Is there anything about the group you'd like people to know that they might not be aware of already?

Like what?

I don't know, anything. Something that you've always wanted to say but haven't had the chance.

We're not little boys, everybody hears *Lost Boyz* and thinks we're young kids. We're not young kids, we're in our mid-twenties.

The Lost Boyz album "Legal Drug Money" drops June 6th.



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TRES DELINQUENTES

by Cheeba

Stepping outside the boundaries of what is generally considered to be acceptable within hip hop can sometimes be dangerous. But then again true innovators in any art form must be willing to take chances in the interest of progressing their craft. Delinquent Habits self-titled debut on PMP/Loud proves that being open-minded towards all types of music can result in brilliant production and a fresh sound in a genre cluttered with biters. After hearing the first single "Tres Delinquentes," my interest in these L.A. boys was definitely peaked. So after nearly sleeping through my appointed interview time, I got the chance to speak to the Delinquents (minus DJ O.G. Style) about their habits.

Voice: How did you guys get to where you are, hooking up with Sen Dog and all that?

Kemo: Well as far as the way we hooked up with Sennen, that was a while back in late '91 or '92. Delinquent Habits was a group already and we met Sen at this jam right here in Norwalk where we live, the Lower East Side. We knew what was up with Cypress but you know we kinda kept our distance, we didn't try to ask for too much help. Actually we didn't ask for help at all. It came down to where Sen heard something on a demo and he liked it and decided to go ahead and work with us and try to get us a deal. And that's basically how it went down, everything else is history.

How did the group get together, have you guys been friends since you were kids?

Kemo: Not exactly, we kinda met through mutual interest, as far as hip hop and rapping and stuff. Me and Ives met each other and it came to light that we were both MCing. We were doing stuff on our own, so we decided to work together, he (Ives) was a little bit

more established and working with O.G. Style as the DJ. So I was invited to work with them on a song, like a guest shot basically and we clicked. Our ideas were flowing together and we decided to make it a unit, and it's been that ever since.

The group definitely has a chemistry. It's also nice to hear something a little bit different, you know with the Spanglish.

Kemo: That was our whole mind state when we were doing this album, our whole approach to making this album was to descend from the trend.

Exactly.

Kemo: That's what we tried to do. Still keeping it hip hop, but to explore something else, make something a little different and make it distinguished.

The thing that struck me was that this isn't typical West Coast stuff, and it's not exactly East Coast stuff, but it's slamming hip hop.

Ives: When I think about our music it's like this; instead of falling into a category, we wanted to make our own category. Hopefully we succeeded in doing that. We feel that we've done our best.

You've definitely brought a new sound. The only thing I can compare it to would be like the first Cypress album, if they had stayed more on the Latin tip. Maybe that's not a fair comparison.

Kemo: Is that how you feel after hearing the whole album?

No, just the first track, that was my initial reaction. I'm not trying to take away from your own creativity, that was just an impression. You know, because I loved that sound, with the horns and the rhymes in Spanglish.

Kemo: You know that's something that comes natural to us as a group. The Spanglish, you know there's a lot of Spanish surrounding the group, the horns and stuff that's something that we grew up



with. When we were youngsters, when we'd get together at the house or whatever, that type of music was around. So it was one of them things where we didn't want to stray away from that just because it wasn't commonly used in hip hop. We decided that this was the flavor that was within us, so why not take that and apply it to what we do now.

What kind of stuff were you listening to growing up?

Ives: Me personally, I was listening to just about everything. My older brothers and sisters used to listen to the old rock'n'roll, listening to the rap that was just coming on the scene. As time went on I started appreciating the music that my sisters and brothers were listening to. I believe as an artist you have to be able to appreciate all forms of music-not just what you're doing.

Right on. That comes through in your sound. You used a lot of instruments that aren't heard that often in hip hop.

Kemo: That comes from us listening to all different types of music, you know we love hip hop and have always been listening to it,

more and more as we got older, but when we were younger that stuff wasn't really around as much. So there was other music that you got to listen to. So there was other music that you got to listen to. Our opinion is like this; there are two kinds of music, good music and bad music.

Do you think a lot of people within the hip hop community, especially the younger listeners, are afraid to admit that they listen to music that isn't hardcore hip hop?

Kemo: Definitely, let's say there are some hip hop heads trying to get into the music right now, maybe they're just rapping. I don't think they realize until they actually step into the scene, how much of hip hop is really coming from other types of music. You know from jazz and blues, from rock. When they get into the real production, then they like damn! This rock'n'roll stuff over here is kinda cool, cause NWA got this cool guitar lick or this and that, you know what I'm saying?

Word. A lot of the phattest drum breaks are from classic rock records.

Ives: If you can really get into the

feel of an old record, like if you're at home at night just listening to the Doors or something, to me as a writer, I hear what he's talking about and it just totally opens my mind to different sectors. The more you listen and the more you expand past just being a hip hop head, it takes you to another level.

Yeah.

Ives: Hip hop culture sometimes can be kind of limiting. People say this is how hip hop is, and you should not really veer away from it, because you might get some repercussions. Like I have my eyebrow pierced twice, and my record label president said "Yo, you might not want to do that."

Oh shit.

Ives: This is my style, I chose to do it, so I told him straight up, "This is what I'm gonna be and if somebody's not gonna dig my music because of how I look, then they're not truly in it for the music."

What Delinquent Habit are you trying to kick? The best answer can win you a huge Delinquent Habits package (shot glass, CD, giant poster, sticker). Send your reply c/o Voice Magazine, see new address on page 4

1. "You & You & You" - Frankie Cutlass - Relativity
2. "Get Money" (RMX) - Junior Mafia - Big Beat
3. "Ain't No Nigga" - JZ - Roc-A-Fella
4. "Stages & Light" - Sadat X - Loud
5. "Rough, Rugged & Raw" - PMD - Boon Dock
6. "Doin' It" - LL Cool J - Def Jam
7. "Shadow Boxing" - Genius - Geffen
8. "I Like It" - Montell Jordan featuring Slick Rick - Def Jam
9. "One For The Money" - Horace Brown - Motown
10. "Ready Or Not" - Fugees - Columbia



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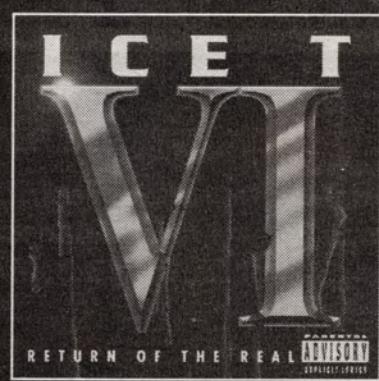
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THE DEVIL'S FAVORITE BAND

by Shane Smith



photo: Will Van Overbeck / imaging: S.Briscoe

The Butthole Surfers have long been the subject of stories of insanity and debauchery. Gibby Haynes' legendary drug induced antics have not abated as he has grown older, as a matter of fact it is rumoured that he was personally involved in the deaths of Kurt Cobain and River Phoenix. Recently the boys from Surgery and Gibby have been mimicking the LA riots along with Johnny Depp of 21 Jump Street fame, who is also in the band 'P' with Gibby. True to form Gibby was nowhere to be found to do this interview. As his record reps were having brain aneurisms trying to find him, the immortal King Coffey and I sat down and chewed the fat about many of the myths that surround the Buttholes. We started with the mysterious disappearance of his sister and former band member.

Voice: First of all what happened to your sister?

King: She disintegrated.

Oh my stars!

She's actually featured in a recent episode of *Sightings*, where people see her as they are going down Interstate 10. They see an apparition of a red-haired, dreadlocked midget...

Midget?

Yeah she's four feet tall, she just disappeared I don't know, I don't like to talk about it.

I know, midgets make me feel funny too. What ever happened to your bass player?

Which one?

All of them.

(Demonic laughter) They'll be featured in episodes two through fourteen of *Sightings* as well. I think we have some kind of presence about us that makes people vanish. Maybe you will vanish, maybe you will be seen on the next episode of *Sightings* (more scary laughter.)

OK, um, well what ever happened to that dancer?

hard to say." (Laughs)

So...

(Very quickly) I don't know what happened to her.

The Buttholes have a reputation for massive drug consumption, what kind of things are you into now?

Well Prozac keeps me happy these days. I mean I personally have taken a lot of drugs, but I've also seen the needle and the damage done. I can't talk about the good without talking about the bad... Um I've enjoyed LSD many times... I really don't have any regrets about it because it brought me to where I am now. But I take a really dim view of heroin and all that.

What about these rumours that Gibby and Al Jorgensen (of Ministry) smoke crack so that they can play music twelve hours a day and stuff like that.

Well like you say a lot of that is rumours, I mean crack and cocaine and all that it's a killer. I'm starting to sound like Nancy Reagan but it's true.

This album is going to make you guys bigger than the Beatles

which in a way is bigger than god.

What are you going to do with all your money and power?

We are going to buy NASA and send dogs to the moon.

Are you going to play in space?

Oh yeah we are going to play in space! Hell yeah! Space is the

place, thank you Mr. Sun Ra. There is a lot more space than there is not space.

(Long pause)

Have you ever seen any aliens?

I've never seen any aliens, although everybody in the band has had UFO experiences, which I think is pretty unique. I've read one theory that aliens choose the type of people that they appear to and we have all had UFO experiences.

So aliens love the Buttholes?

To my knowledge I have never come face to face with an alien.

OK, you have a notorious reputation for madness during tours.

Could you tell me a little about your '89 tour of Europe?

We hate Europe and Europeans hate us.

Why?

Well we like to smoke pot and it's hard to get in Europe, so we end up drinking more. The booze in Europe has more alcohol in it and I guess we get pretty drunk and surly. Now this doesn't help because most Europeans are really anal, this can lead to difficult times.

One time in Belgium our European tour ended with a bunch of Belgians pointing Uzi machine guns at us asking us to leave, we were like please let us out of here, get us back to the States.

Do you think that the Butthole Surfers are marked by the devil?

Yeah, but we marked him back three times over.

Well we played this show and it was so lame that people began to leave, so we said fuck it! Then began to play the worst, most painful music we could and Gibby was chasing the crowd around hitting them with the microphone trying to get everybody out of the room. Then we, you know relaxed and talked... When somebody tried to come back in we would start the noise again and Gibby would attack them. That was great fun! Then the army came with the guns.

What about touring in the States, is it different?

Oh yeah, the worst we get in the US is that for a while we were stalked by Olympic figure skaters.

Really?

Yes, Brian Boitano kept showing up at our shows.

Why?

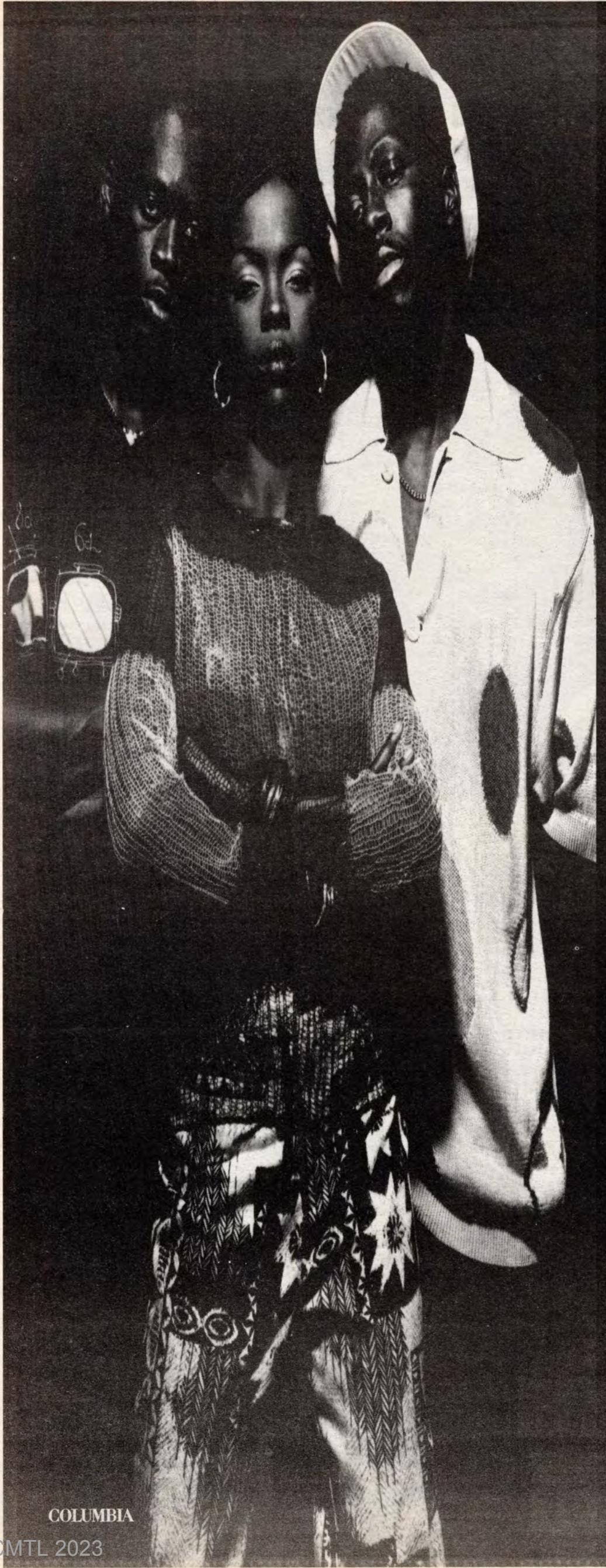
I don't know, maybe it's the name the Butthole Surfers (prolonged laughter)

What about this myth that's flying around that Gibby is marked by the devil and that he is in some way responsible for the deaths of River Phoenix and Kurt Cobain?

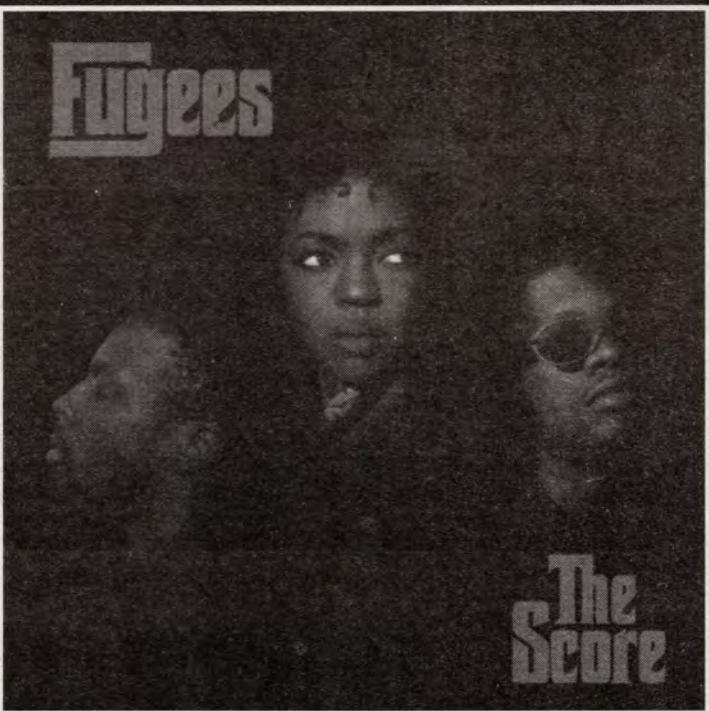
Fact is that Capitol (The Buttholes' record label) probably started that rumour, it's part of their marketing plan or something.

Do you think that the Butthole Surfers are marked by the devil?

Yeah, but we marked him back three times over.



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Richard Nixon passes a half filled syringe as Yogi Bear readies himself and ties off. A slight trickle of blood filters into the needle and signals that Yogi has found a vein. The blood floats in the clear liquid like a rose petal, reminding Yogi of better days gone by in Yellowstone National Park. A bead of sweat forms on the blue forehead of the cute Hanna Barbera character as he boots his shot. Tricky Dick's head falls on Yogi's shoulder as they nod off and dream of a world that isn't littered with child amputees, two-headed puppies and Christ like Hitler figures; a world that existed before Frank Kozik's silk screen brush washed it out with a stroke of retina burning dayglo colors.

When comparing Frank Kozik's artwork to the contemplative rock posters of say Rick Grimshaw, or to other famous "rock artists" of the sixties, it inevitably comes off as far more confrontational. No sacred cow is left untipped. Frank's true talent is arming the mundane and mediocre only to watch it turn the weapon onto itself. Under the guise of simply being an advertisement for a rock show, Mr. Kozik perfectly echoes the frustration and irreverence of the rock bands he chooses to

promote. His artwork is more like a full-on sensory attack as opposed to a black and white xerox announcing another rock show. The finished artwork hangs just as comfortably on a telephone pole as it does on a Soho art gallery wall. In the words of Chrissie Hynde of The Pretenders "He's in the gutter, but he's looking up at the stars."

Even the mainstream media were forced to take notice of the undeniable impression he's made on nineties rock music. Comparing his work to the early sixties rock posters Newsweek described them as "more like anabolic steroids than LSD." Frank Kozik's work still remains head and shoulders above his fellow rock artist contemporaries. Whereas Raymond Pettibon, Coop and Pushead's work seems almost half baked, Frank's work is always well executed and, despite its anti-social stance, demands attention.

Frank has always been the outsider looking in. A high school dropout and Spanish ex-patriot, Frank joined the military and in the late seventies ended up settling in the burgeoning punk rock scene of Austin, Texas. "A really long time ago there used to be a thing called punk rock," muses Frank, "I was friends with this small group of people who started bands. I hung out on the

scene but unfortunately I had no musical talent so I made these little hand bills because if you were part of the scene you had to do something." Initially, Frank never had the urge to throw his hat in the art arena and to this day refuses to be called an "artist" opting for the title of craftsman instead. As he states in the introduction of his book *Man's Ruin*, "The one thing I always admired about the punk scene is that it wasn't composed of 'artists.' It was more like people doing extra shit—making stickers and weird little hand bills so you could have this little piece of something to take home and treasure even though it was some shitty xerox."

Some of the most important punk bands of our time came out of the early eighties Austin punk rock scene. The now famous Butthole Surfers, The Dicks (who would later rename themselves Sister Double Happiness), Scratch Acid (half of which would later go on to form The Jesus Lizard) and an often overlooked band The Big Boys. On the back of Big Boys albums the slogan GO START YOUR OWN BAND was pretty descriptive of the day. In essence 'stop being a bystander and get involved.' This slogan seemed to be an inspiration to

Frank and everyone else immersed in the Austin punk scene. "The Big Boys had that saying on the back of their records and that's the way I think it should be: do your own drawings, say your own piece." This same philosophy inspired Kozik to form his own label, Man's Ruin, which has become one of the most heralded independent labels around. Much like the care put into his posters, all Man's Ruin's products are adorned with original Kozik pieces. "I really wanted to give some of my favorite bands a chance to have complete musical freedom. In that sense we are a punk rock label. In another sense we are a business, you know we do have an accountant."

What with the new school punk like Epitaph and Fat Wreck, I couldn't help but ask Frank, who's been a part of it since its inception in the late seventies and early eighties, if there is such thing as punk rock in 1996. "There's really no such thing as punk rock anymore," states Frank. "People tend to forget that back then it was this entirely new thing and most people were really hostile towards it. You'd always run the risk of getting your ass kicked. Now it seems a lot more liberal and it's just kind of turned into a tribe."

One of the most common themes evident in almost all of Frank's work is his manipulation of American icons such as The Flintstones, Manson and Mr. Magoo. "I tend to rip off people who are kind of defenseless" explains Frank in between hauls off a Camel cigarette. "I would never rip off something like Michael Jackson because the reality of him is just so insane there's nothing I could do to make it weirder." Frank grew up in Europe and came here in the mid-seventies which might explain his fascination with American icons of that era. "What people accept as normal here is actually really fuckin' strange. Maybe because I grew up in a different place I can see it for what it really is."

Apparently some people don't find a lot of Frank's work as "normal" as he finds it, as Frank is no stranger to the politically correct hordes. "If people can't see it for what it is they should get a life! I use a lot of Charles Manson imagery because he truly lived the American dream. He was this loser who figured out this scam to play the hippies against the system and vice versa while he just sat back, got his dick sucked and got high for free, I find that fascinating. If people have a problem with that, then that's their problem."

THE ART OF FRANK KOZIK

by Johnson Cummins





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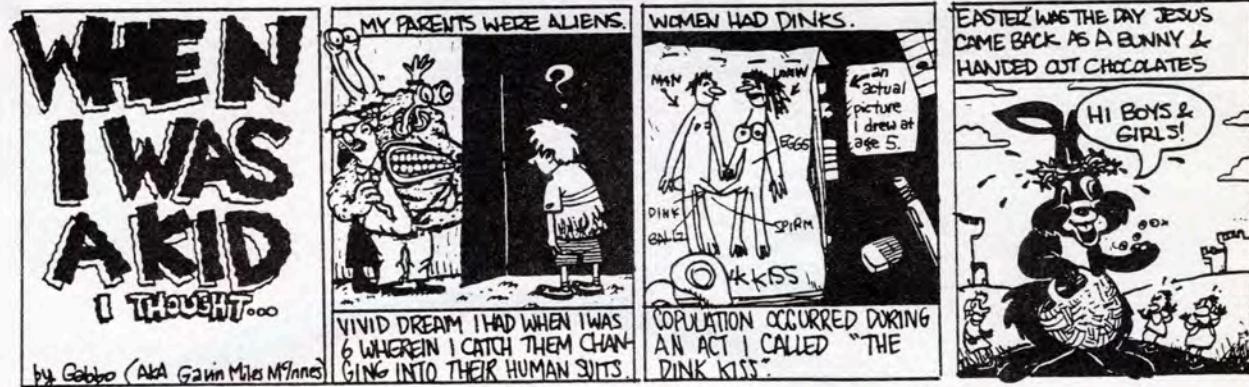
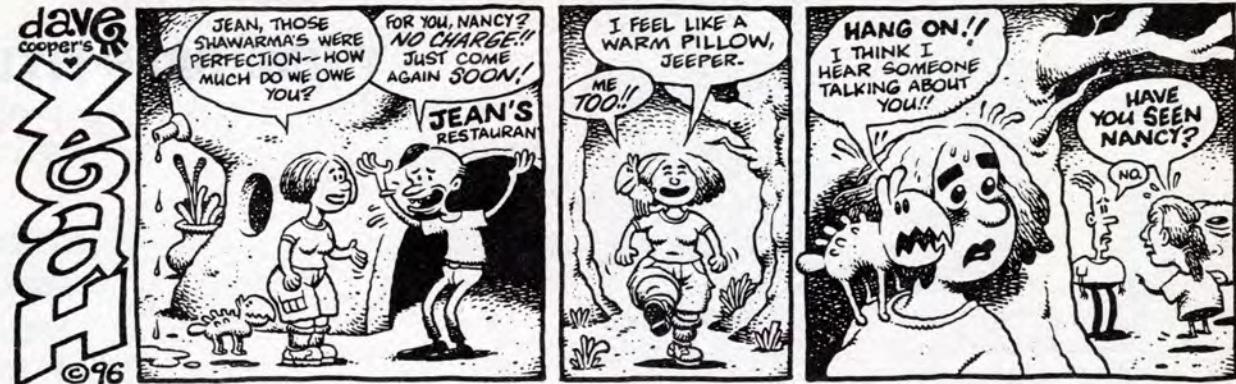
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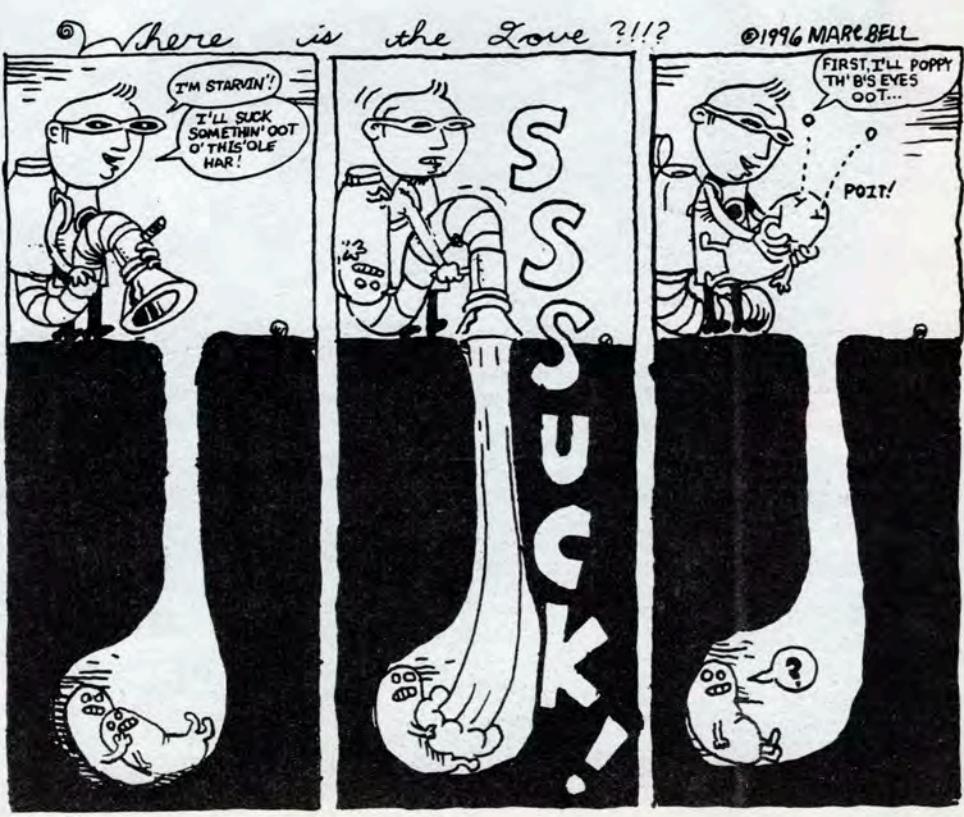
NERVY THE DOG



BY BILLY MAVREKS



ODDVILLE!



THE COMIC HUNT

by Gabbo

Comics are dying. The entire industry is on the verge of economic collapse because publishers don't understand that if you want to make a good story picture book, you need a good story book and a good picture book. We received hundreds of books this week but only a few had the skillz to pay the billz.

Chronic hallucinator Jim Woodring has finally done his epic. The drawing in *Jim #6* is as twisted and wiggly as ever but the stories have reached new heights of metaphorical genius. Similarly, the new *Drawn and Quarterly* is a graphic masterpiece. Reading *Baru* is like getting head in a new suit and the classy swirls of Otsamo and Dreschler make this anthology almost as good as the last one.

Can't say the same for the new *Duplex Planet* however, what a hunk of shit. Greenberger has amassed the least talented zine amateurs ever to illustrate geriatric ramblings and it's shameful. That's not to say you can't put together a sweet anthology using amateurs. England's *Slab* (self-published) has the best of the small press jammed into ninety pages of well written grooves that are easier on the eyes than a kung-fu movie. Portland's *Top Shelf* (self-published) does the same thing only in a North American 'stylee.' Editor Brett Warnock has dragged himself out of the comic sewer and finally put out a gem. *Last Gasp's* good too, even though the stories are completely insane.

Joe Matt (*Peepshow*) can draw but he's dull, dull, dull and Bernie Mireault (*The Jam*) is rather fine especially after he



throws in Montreal's sweetest plums.

Psychonaut is a book by Serbia's Alexander Zograf with stories that focus on his country's civil war. Definitely the most relevant comic writing today, it's too bad he inks like Aline Kolinsky Crumb. Conversely The Hernandez Bros. (whom I don't consider Mario a part of) have managed to put together the most aesthetically pleasing final issue of *Love and*

Rockets to date, but the latino soap opera plots are more boring than Erik Estrada ever dreamed of. If Zograf got The Hernandez Bros. to do his stuff we'd be in business.

In fact, if those hip nerds we call cartoonists could combine clever stories with innovative art, comic publishers would be in business and I wouldn't have so many crappy books on my desk.

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JUN 27 - GUELPH.....van gogh's ear
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JUL 20 - HAMILTON.....jackson square

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CRACKPOT

by Pothead



photo: S.Briscoe

A couple of weeks ago I was in Ottawa busily trying to get a decent night in under the rush of the one am shutdown. At last call, I collected as many doubles and tallboys as I could handle and returned to join my friend Ned at the table. Ned was making noises about going to Hull after closing. This meant 'let's get coke.' Coke had become a big problem with Ned over the past five months. Coke, crack and base had become part of his lifestyle. He would normally get high late at night and wouldn't sleep until the next day. Sometimes he wouldn't sleep at all and go into work wired and strung out until he crashed sometime in the early afternoon. He would awake later in the evening and start again. I felt it was time to interfere, so I told him to screw Hull and to come to Mello's diner for a nice relaxing meal. After some deliberation, Ned acquiesced.

Seating ourselves at the diner, we discussed the problem further. I strongly encouraged him to forget coke and become a fully blown pothead during the post-coke, chill out phase. Everytime he felt withdrawl he could just smoke himself into ridiculous stupor, it would make the transition almost pleasurable. Both Ned and I agreed this was good advice, so I relaxed and admired the atmosphere while he ordered cheeseburgers. Mello's was notorious for its whores. At the front of the diner was a table of fantastic transvestites sitting amongst their flabby female colleagues. I had forgotten that Ned had gone through a period where he frequently brought them home, that was how

he'd gotten into coke in the first place. So, before I knew it, Ned had excused himself, addressed their table, and vanished out the front door with one of the chubby prostitutes. For the next twenty minutes I watched his cheeseburger congeal until he returned looking chuffed. Ned smiled and said he scored some coke. It was pricey and the whores took about a quarter of it, but that was okay, he was sorted. We ate in silence and returned to his place.

Sitting at the coffee table, I watched him construct a pipe out of an empty pill container, some tin foil and a hollowed out BIC pen. While doing this, he explained that he appreciated my sentiments but for it to mean anything, he needed my empathy. It was necessary for me to understand the drug personally, I had to try it. This time, I acquiesced, but made a deal that after I smoked, he'd give up for good and adopt my pot plan.

He told me it was free base (coke + baking soda), not crack (coke + ether). He placed the shaky pipe in my mouth and lit the little white rocks. As I inhaled I watched them melt like cotton candy on the foil and felt my lungs fill with a thick, sweet plastic smoke. My first reaction was that it tasted trashy. Ned said he associated the plastic flavour with life itself. Life itself, had become too lame these days. After two more hits, he informed me that it wasn't base after all, but crack. The news didn't bother me though, because I was feeling like a hero. There's no doubt crack makes you feel superb, it reaches deep down to the core, grabs your ego and fills it with life. I could have stared down

a fuming Mike Tyson and told him to stick Allah up his big black ass. I was peaked out. Unfortunately, this surge of life only lasts about fifteen minutes. I became really anxious, like my insides were churning under my skin. My stomach started to seize under a wave of cramps. Out of curiosity, I felt my heart rate, it was pumping as though I'd sprinted up six flights of stairs. No wonder people are struck with sudden heart attacks when they smoke this shit. The only way to avoid the discomfort was to do more, but I declined. The stuff was too trashy. Ned said this was nothing, a proper session would involve far more crack, meaning he would buy, smoke it all and then head out for more in the wee hours of the morning. Usually he'd pick up some skid along the way and head back to his place for another round. He didn't like to smoke alone. Ultimately, every session would end up with Ned and the skid on their hands and knees combing the floor in desperation for some crumb that may have fallen. If that failed, they'd scrape off the pipe residue and smoke that. Once the crack ran out, he'd boot out the whore and lie in bed guilt ridden, impotent and broke, grinding his teeth until he fell asleep.

I sat back in the couch, lit a joint to try and get rid of the edginess. I offered Ned the joint reminding him of the our sensi-solution, but he just shrugged and polished off the rest of the crack like a trooper. Oh well, I guess pot simply is not as alluring and romantic as coke. Coke is his buzz, it's just a shame that it turns people into emaciated, deluded addicts.

JESUS IS DEAD

NATIVES CONVERT THEIR FAITH TO AIRPLANES

by Gavin McInnes

Just after the Fly Mountains, near the coast of the Coral Sea, there lives the Cargo Cult. A group of Papua New Guinean tribesmen and women who have shunned the invasion of Christianity and chosen to worship airplanes.

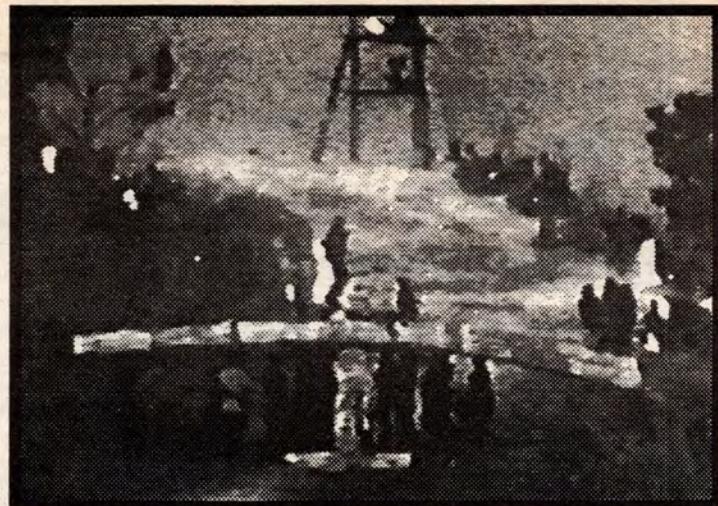
For hundreds of years the natives there have been killing and maiming missionaries who've come to preach the word of God. Now, unfortunately, all but two of New Guinea's nine tribes have given up killing and spend every Sunday praying in front of that blood stained Jewish carpenter, while the missionaries continue to pour in like molasses. The Roko

and Mikao tribes are the only ones with the balls to resist the white man's religion and spend their holy days at the airport watching the planes come in. They worship the cargo plane.

They have come to the conclusion that the planes belong to them and the white man has tricked heaven into handing them over. As their doctrine states "build your plane too and wait with faith. Sooner or later your ancestors will realize the white man's trap and land planes on your strip. Then you will be rich and happy." Their logic is as follows: there is no other place in the world but the

island of Papua New Guinea, therefore the planes come out of the sky. There is no one in the sky but their ancestors, therefore their ancestors must have built the planes. Now, their ancestors don't know the white man but the white man has their planes therefore he must've swindled them.

In order to get the planes back these aboriginal repo-men have put together their own airport. Are you following this? Twenty-four hours a day these people wait at their mock airport with its packed dirt landing strip, control tower made of dead trees and enormous bamboo plane, waiting for a sign from the plane gods. The plane, held together with animal skin and leaves, works with the same premise as a duck decoy. The ghost pilot should see the fake plane and realize that the airport he was headed for is an evil hoax. The "paradise bird" will then come crashing down onto the Roko-Mikao fifty foot long landing pad demolishing their awkward wooden plane and opening its majestic steel doors to whoever wants a ride back to Utopia.



The Voice is presently trying to raise half a million dollars so we can fly a plane down there, pretend to be their ancestors and take the two tribes away. Then we'll fly them to the south of France and put them up in a five star hotel until they die of old age. Diplomatic plates will allow them to do whatever they want and a huge tourist industry will flourish as white trash Americans come to see "those weird jungle guys that think they're in heaven." Then again, it might be best to let them continue to spend all their waking

minutes talking and socializing in their makeshift airports waiting for a sign from the plane Gods. They seem relatively happy and it's just as absurd as church. At least with the cargo cult you get to build stuff.

So, if you're flying some cargo from Australia to Hong Kong and you want to gas up in Papua New Guinea's Port Moresby airport don't be surprised to see a few dozen black guys with feathers through their noses hanging on the fences in awe. They want their planes back and they want them now.

THE VOICE
**SEX,
DRUGS
AND
ROCK'N'ROLL
STREET SURVEY**

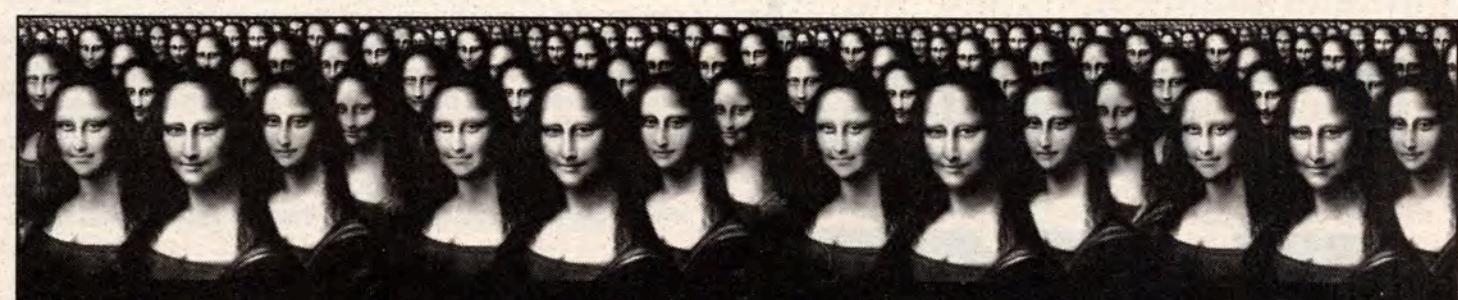
SEX:
Do you think anyone actually uses dental dams?
Dental dams?...What is that for? Is this for being in a magazine? I've never even heard of dental, er dental dams.



DRUGS:
What was your worst experience on acid?
They were all wonderful. I learned from each one of them. Even the trip where I hallucinated skeletons everywhere, it taught me about my fear of death. Most bad acid trips are just your paranoia coming through.



ROCK 'N ROLL:
What was your greatest rock 'n' roll experience?
Elvis. In the '50s I had a brand new convertible, '55 Fairlane eh? We used to all get together and drag race across to the States on a Sunday night because Kingston was dry at that time. We'd rock 'n' roll and come back.



WHY ARE THESE WOMEN SMILING?

A "New Disease" is sweeping Canada and "You Oughta Know".

"NEW DISEASE", the addictive debut from L.A.'s 1000 MONA LISAS Sounds like Black Flag, The Beatles, Cheap Trick, and The Dead Kennedys all whipped together like a Dairy Queen 'Blizzard'.



See 1000 Mona Lisas LIVE June 4th at the Cabaret, 2111 St Laurent.

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LIVE



Global Holocaust, Anti Pathik System, Dahmer, 3 for 25, Enemy Soil
Café So, Montreal, Quebec
May 17

"Tomorrow you're homeless, tonight it's a blast" —Jello Biafra

I missed most of the bands, including Global Holocaust who have had major fights and destruction at every one of their shows, but this show was still a riot. As you probably heard on the news, the cops started hassling us (because they know we obstruct traffic all day squeezing windows) so we all went nuts.

My girlfriend and I have been stopped by the cops four times since April just because we look weird. All our venues are closing down and everyone is on our fuckin' backs. So when the police showed up to can yet another gig we all just said "that's it" and started a riot. Most of us ran down St. Laurent smashing windows and screaming our asses off, it was really fun. After about half an hour of running we were in the rich part of town so me and my friend walked into the liquor store (the windows were already done) and stole some Vodka. As I left the main drag I could see a bunch of punx pounding on everyone in front of one of the most expensive restaurants in town. The best part was when the riot cops showed up to kick our asses an hour after we left. I heard we caused \$100 000 worth of damage and I realize that's not very cool but we were pissed off. You would be too if you were me. I guess we're sorry but I can't promise it won't happen again. —Ape

Girls Against Boys, Therapy?, Skeleton Key
Cabaret Music Hall, Montreal, Quebec
Monday, May 20th

When you have a bill that encompasses three distinct categories of post-industrial rock, trying to be original can often become entangled in a litany of comparisons, clichés, and blatant write-offs. This show was part of a North American tour for all three bands and in some ways their labels and fans would probably be better off seeing them each as headlining acts. Recently signed to Capitol with no indie releases under their belts, NYC's Skeleton Key began the evening with a crude amalgamation of kitchen sink percussion and punchy bass lines that grounded their music into a search for lost chords off a Lollapalooza sound stage. Supporting their third album in four years, Ireland's Therapy? mixed low-end sludge-pop with electric cello and ripped through their set as if suddenly recovering from sudden eighties withdrawal. Finally, NYC's Girls Against Boys pounded the audience with a thirty minute set and a three song encore (including the smash hit "In Like Flynn") but lacked initial energy and failed to produce a lively crowd response. It's a fact that three band bills are difficult to swallow, especially if the excitement quotient doesn't surpass the fatigue level, and in this show's case, the meter seemed to waver back and forth. —Jonah Brucker-Cohen



photo: Adrienne Cartignani



Fred Schneider
Just... Fred
Reprise/Warner

This is the poofy guy from the B-52's and he rocks! Don't expect any love shack or rock lobsters, Fred has hired the help of Steve Albini and put together the punkiest new wave since *Plastic Surgery Disasters*. Fred's angry old man diatribes are musically enhanced by such greats as Six Finger Satellite, Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet and Matador's Deadly Cupcake. —Gavin McInnes

Various Artists
The East Side Sound 1959-1968
Dionysus

I have always been lucky enough to never experience the horror of seeing my parents have sex. In my Peter Pan world I was safe in the knowledge that my parents only had sex to procreate. Even though the main STD problem of the day was getting a serious bout of rug burn, my parents would only "make Whoopee" missionary style, of course, in order to give me brothers and sisters to play with. After hearing this compilation from Dionysus, my innocent little world is shattered. Judging by this CD, back in the day rock and roll really meant F-U-C-K-I-N-G cus this is the horniest music I've ever heard. One only need to hear The Atlantic's "Beaver Shot" or The Enchantments "I'm in Love with your Daughter" for proof. (Dionysus PO Box 1975, Burbank Ca., 91507) —Paul Watkins

Just steps away from one of Toronto's finer suburban projects, the simple charms of Ella's Steakhouse & Lounge complimented the Wu well. Between the dope acoustics and the totally cheap beer, the Clan wowed the audience with their action-packed forty-five minute set. The soirée was attended by many a celebrity, including a selection of the Raptors, Mono Bolo and Whitey Don. Like any Toronto rap show the Wu didn't go on until about three in the morning, before which the Clan threatened not to appear unless the riled up audience took three steps away from the stage. After this amusing little game on came the Wu-tang, with Weird Al covering Method Man's parts, who was busy in New York having a baby. Ol' Dirty Bastard provided highlights by courteously offering to fuck all the girls up the ass and then giving the soundman a wet willie. He also shared this inspiring philosophy: "The black man is God, the white man is the devil, the black man is the devil..." So with these wise words of wisdom the show wound down with a twenty minute unplugged rendition of "Amish Paradise." Also to be noted was the stellar, unannounced opening performance by Ottawa's Organized Rhyme featuring DJ Sven. —Natalia Yanchak

RECORDS

The Crownhat Ruin

Until the Eagle Grins

Dischord

Emerging from the ashes of DC's emo-noise rock band, Hoover, the Crownhat Ruin is comprised of two of the group's previous string players and a new drummer who attacks without compromise. Originally conceived by bassist Fred Erskine, the band's intention was to depart from Hoover's melodic intros by concentrating on frantic tempos and harsh riffing. Blending sporadic feedback with mesmerizing percussion, the Crownhat Ruin are reminiscent of Hoover's vocal style, with drawn-out syllables that accent their veracious song structures. Put the whole package under the recording belt of Geoff Turner of WGNS studios and *Until the Eagle Grins* shines as a stellar debut album. —Jonah Brucker-Cohen

Doo Rag

What We Do

Dependability

Doo Rag is the wonderfully warped vision of two good ol' boys, dubbed Bog Log III and Thermos Malling, who produce the most twisted take on country blues you're likely to hear. Imagine Robert Johnson, Howlin' Wolf, or Mississippi Fred McDowell trapped in a tin can, sounding like a portable transistor radio breaking up, and you're starting to get the idea. This is the blues dragged through sludge and swamp. This is Doo Rag's second self-released record and while it basically sounds just like the first, all the songs are originals this time around. Clink, clank, clunk and slide describes Doo Rag best, beer-box and hubcap percussion, homemade guitars, and vocals transmitted through a vacuum cleaner hose is their calling card. A band completely removed from the modern indie-rock of the days. (Dependability P.O. Box 207 Tucson, AZ 85702) —Fred Quimby

Killdozer & Alice Donut

Michael Gerald's Party Machine Presents Touch & Go

Available on Kozik-covered 7" or CD EP, these songs are the last gasps of hysterical (heretical?) irreverence from two of the best punk-and-then-some bands in America. Alice Donut put a brass-blasted chokehold on the Bee Gees' "Every Christian Lion Hearted Man Will Tell You," where Tomas does his damnedest to strip everyone's memory of the Gibbs' emotive falsettos. Then comes Killdozer with a brilliantly organ-fueled take on Procol Harum's "Conquistador," sans les Hobsons Brothers but featuring on back-beat Touch & Go party guy Scott G. Ending with Kill Donut, both bands get as naked as hippies to combine fluids and talents for "Aquarius/Let the Sun Shine In" which, come the majestic free-for-all ending, sadly but effectively slams the coffin shut on two eras at once. —Twister

Local H

As Good As Dead

Island/A&M

I didn't feel like reviewing this band because the cover art is so lame, but I was proven wrong within minutes. This album is heavy when it's heavy and has a nice buzz when it's poppy. "High Fivin' MF" is an inspiring rock anthem about those stone-washed, hip jocks that are making day to day life so hard for all us cool people. Check out these guys live too—they're total babes. —Christi Bradnax

The Make Up

Destination: Love - Live! At Cold Rice

Dischord

Gather around children and listen to the new gospel. This is the good word according to The Make Up, termed "Gospel Yeah-Yeah." A mod-influenced, bastardization of James Brown's sweaty soul moments and a frat band with a political conscience. The Make Up is the greasy-haired phoenix risen from the ashes of The Nation Of Ulysses, who imploded a couple of years ago after the release of

two manic driven records of political paranoia. The Make Up are like a great cult leader, subversive and cunning, attacking weak spots, and ready to pounce when you are least likely to notice. Singer Ian Svenonius, once voted America's Sassest Boy, whelps, shrieks, preaches and gyrates all over this record, like a mad evangelist with punk ethics intact. Like N.O.U., The Make Up ride the fine line between parody and propaganda. Can I hear you say "Yeah" for the final judgement. —Fred Quimby

Tristan Psionic

Flight 028

Sonic Union

"Air Traffic Control," the first track off Flight 028 takes off on a trippy instrumental excursion, the two guitars working expertly off each other, floating above a tight, engaging structure and dynamic. The rest of the album revisits the vibe created on their first album, *The Sounds of Tristan Psionic*. Their old bassist, Wool, has been replaced with a female presence, while the song arrangements have matured and are filled with more ambitious guitar melodies that reach into the realms of Polvo, Sonic Youth and sometimes Fugazi. My only beef with this album is that the vocals don't add much. If you're familiar with their Versus-like crooning and it doesn't bother you, buy the album, you'll like it. Thumbs up to the Sonic Union boys, they're doing good things. —Ear Wax

lowercase

all destructive urges...seem so perfect

Amphetamine Reptile

Raw, lowercase play raw music. They build it up slow with only drums and guitar and emotion. The songs go through transitions where everything is mellow and minimal, then slowly and subliminally the tension builds, angry vocals lash out and the music immediately becomes deafeningly large. The abrasiveness of the 'large' and the peacefulness of the 'mellow,' together they make a seemingly perfect and destructive speedball of sound. —Suroosh Y. Alvi

Brain

Offspeed And In There

Trance Syndicate

Not one to be confined to his main Butthole Surfers vein, drummer King Coffey returns to the long-inactive Brain as a solo project, with the second album again released on his own stellar Trance Syndicate label. Don't come expecting feedback and electrified gibberish: Coffey has an unfathomable world-wide rhythm fetish stored on cerebral and computer hardware that's finally found its time and place. Layered with flavors that could plow down Mo' Wax contemporaries. Brain sucks you in using slippery grooves ("Burma Slowdrive," "Helicopters Are Burning") and macro-infected dub ("Marrakesh: 3AM," "Return to Rosedale") with paranoid X-File-ian techno nightmares ("Stop Six") thrown in for a wild 'n' weird ride. —Twister



1000 Mona Lisas

New Disease

RCA/BMG

Who's gonna win the west coast new school punk race? Most kids would probably pick a Fat Wreck or Epitaph band out of the fifty choices but 1000 Mona Lisas are the real thing and they're my choice. Besides being professional skaters and Geza X of the Dead Kennedys producing this album, their music stands on its own and I think it's not fair to pigeonhole them as mere punks cus they transcend categorization. They explore the slow, the heavy, the fast, the punk, the pop, and the rock. Their finest tune however, will always be the Alanis Morissette cover from their earlier EP. —Christi Bradnax

Various Artists

The Day The Needle Stood Still

Alternative Tentacles

AT, one of the few remains of The Dead Kennedys, put this compilation together to showcase some of their finer 7"s. They've got Radiophelmet from Finland and a bunch of Czech Pogue punks called Life After Life, but the highlight has to be Saturn's Flea Collar made up from a bunch of guys from Victims Family (the greatest band that ever lived). This CD is a quick way to have a huge AT 7" collection. —Lara Green

Flounder

Outside Interference

Rightwide/Ozone

Power where you need it. This is the kind of music Canada needs more of. Flounder aren't a jingly jangly indie rock band but a full on, high energy and bottom heavy locomotive with balls the size of King Kong. Pegboyish punk with a singing style that emanates emotion and anger reminiscent of Squirrel Bait, Flounder's destructive impulses destroy everything in their path with slaying guitars and a barreling rhythm section that parallels a herd of pissed off elephants rampaging through the streets of Calcutta. Of the fifteen tracks on *Outside Interference* at least two thirds are outstanding, with my personal highlight being "Slab," the perfect song cus everytime I hear it I feel like rioting in the streets. —Suroosh Y. Alvi

Propagandhi

Less Talk More ROCK

Fat Wreck Chords/Cargo

Guttermouth

Teri Yakimoto

Nitro/Cargo

Anti-fascist, gay-positive, pro-feminist and animal friendly is what Winnipeg's Propagandhi claim as some of the ideals they hold and talk about in their second full length (mini-album?). Guttermouth on the other hand provide a nine step "how to incinerate a plastic Godzilla toy." Both play medium to fast paced pop/hardcore certain to tap the toes of the most discriminating mall punks. The difference? While *Less Talk...* provides a rather overwhelming amount of interesting and thought provoking literature compared to Guttermouth's goofball ramblings about nothing in particular, the overall effect is essentially the same considering the target audience. Mild rebellion for the youth of today. —Coinner



Strung Out

Another Day in Paradise

Fat Wreck Chords/Cargo

Tighter, louder, and more melodic than their debut LP is Strung Out's sophomore release, *Another Day in Paradise*. These boys have renovated, if not innovated, with some catchy toe-tappers as well as riffing power-tracks which pack their wallop with slamming precision. Suburban angst and boredom are the order of the

day here but, truth be known, I'm a little bored of the boredom thang. Though

intelligent, the lyrics don't have enough bite, anger or wit and with the exception of "Bring Out Your Dead," the music never really goes over the top. Given that punk's popularity has spawned a glut of West Coast outfits churning out the same formulaic speedcore, the pressure's on to excel technically, as Strung Out does, and to be original; and this is where they fall short. In "Better Days," vocalist Jason sings "I find myself in the same ol' shit/The same ol' shit again." Hmm... —Amanda Suutar

Unwound

Repetition

Kill Rock Stars

For todo el mundo, who is tired of being played like a card, duped into digging the sound of shin stroking your ears, forget the flakes and get wit the sound of the uptown. Maintaining its smooth, this album has more filling than any of the lightweight pastry most sorry losers champion as "da shit." This slab's ugliness makes it stand out like a mouthful of mustard at a wine-tasting and I'm damned if *Repetition* ain't hotter than a trucker's upper thighs after crossing Texas in a heat wave. Yee-haw! —Adam Ass



Lee Perry

voodooism

Pressure Sounds/Cargo

Twenty tracks from Perry's strong Black Ark production years, Ark being the studio he built down in the early eighties before departing for Sweden. But alas, bored with Scandinavia, "Scratch" is back in Jamaica rebuilding the Ark. None of the songs have ever been re-released, plus half dem got da dub version. All roots style, it's nice to see this type of music getting hyped. Peace. —Mossman

Michael Rose

Dubwise Big Sound Frontline

Heartbeat/Denon

This CD is an instrumental version of another Michael Rose CD, *Be Yourself*, plus two bonus tracks, adding up to fourteen tracks of hard driving drum and bassline. You won't find too much echo and reverb dub-like gimmickry in *Dubwise*, this is not a Mad Professor or Lee Perry release after all. The mix is plain and simple, in some cases you'll hear just the drum and bass while in others you get the melodic lines left inside the mix. Karaoke enthusiasts will like the CD as the song structures remain true to the original version. Those who have *Be Yourself*, the original vocal version album, will appreciate hearing the instrumental remixes, but do not expect a dub album. —Bayani C. Esguerra



United DJs of America

Vol. 5 Doc Martin-West Coast

DMC/Moonshine

Superstar DJ Keoki

Disco Death Race 2000

Moonshine/Moonshine

Robbie Hardkiss

A Robbie Hardkiss Mix "Mixed Messages"

Hardkiss/Moonshine

If you like to shake your ass but the sounds of Mario Tremblay or Chris Shepard don't cut it for you I advise checking out any of these mixes by three of America's top DJs.

First off is DJ Doc Martin who delivers a smooth mix of some wicked underground tracks on the hour long plus disc. He even flexes his production muscle on two tracks "Doctor Dub" and "Sweet Drops

Hallelujah Remix."

DJ Keoki's mix of techno flavoured house is much faster and harder than that of Doc Martin. He intercuts samples of cartoons, which gives the disc a kind of bad acid trip feel. Still good though.

My favourite of the three is Robbie Hardkiss, with his funky break-beats and weird tweaking sounds. All of these compilations are great for nights when you feel like shutting off all the lights and going mental in your crib. —Gerhard Faffenbegler



Ani DiFranco

Dilate

Righteous Babe Records

It must make Ani DiFranco kind of sick to her stomach to play these songs night after night on tour. They're the kind of soul-wrenching, angry and defiant diary entries that are really just better left broiling unattended just under the surface so that one day you can go completely insane and be done with it. Come to think of it, given the amount of therapy involved in putting all this shit down, DiFranco is probably the most well-adjusted person on the face of the planet. And it's not just in the lyrics either, though the muse that visits the tragic romantic always brings plenty of visceral goodies. Musically, there is nothing like an acoustic guitar played with attitude, it conveys anger better than any wall of distorted mayhem ever could. Happily, a strategically placed, coolly paced cover of "Amazing Grace" provides a centre of peace to the maelstrom of emotions. Don't worry, she'll be all right, she's a righteous babe, after all. —Dickbird

No Doubt

Tragic Kingdom

Interscope/MCA

Out of all these new school ska bands No Doubt is the first one that doesn't make me feel like I'm in a frat. I don't know if it's the cool chick in the band or the heavy guitars but *Tragic Kingdom* will surely go down as the first ska album to be bought by people who hate ska. —Darrin Alerty

Veruca Salt

Blow it out your ass it's Veruca Salt

DGC/MCA

Last year's monster hit "Spiderman" and a tour with Hole brought this band out of college airplay and into rich people's houses but it still rocks. People think they sound too much like the Breeders but all I know is when I play this at my slumber parties we break into a massive pillow fight and forget boys exist. —Lara Green



Nadeem Mughal

The Shocker

X-ECUTION

The trend in the Bhangra remix scene is to take an existing song and blend it with everything under the sun: hip-hop, reggae, R&B, house, etc... The problem with this lies in the lack of variety; they all sound the same. *The Shocker* is another one of those remix compilations that strenuously attempts to bridge the existing gaps between cultures. Although the expectations of the blended music on the album are low (you've probably heard it somewhere before), you can expect to get a fair share of variety. With sixteen tracks, each with its own twist, there is definitely enough here to keep you tuned. *The Shocker* will have no trouble carving its distinct niche in the already over-diluted remix market. —Mandip Panesar

RECORDINGS FOR DEVIANTS

by Johnson Cummins

Soundtrack to the motion picture
Vampyros Lesbos

Remember the first time you discovered the keys to your parents' liquor cabinet. The game plan was to take a little bit from each bottle, replace the stolen amount with water and then put the contraband concoction into a jar. In Etobicoke, Ontario this finished product was dubbed "jungle juice." Guaranteed, within the first couple of belts, somebody would always end up nude and confessing their darkest secrets. The evening of debauchery would usually be capped off with the whole group in a communal puke fest behind bushes or in our laps. It's a miracle we didn't all go blind. The outcome got to be a little predictable after a while but the taste of "jungle juice" could never be duplicated. If this is starting to sound like the narrative from *The Wonder Years* and you're waiting for the review, relax! I'm getting to that. The first time I heard this record the waves of nostalgia

for "jungle juice" almost knocked me on my ass. Except this time it was more like nectar sent from the gods. Groovy sitars mingle with laughing horns while fuzzed out guitars swirl around funkyass bass lines like tequila cut with cheap homemade wine. The most unlikely musical pairings you can possibly imagine are on this record and it works. It's got all the intoxication of jungle juice and best of all it's puke free. (What an advertisement)



(Motel Records, 210 E. 49th St., N.Y.C., N.Y., 10017)

REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

by Fred Quimby

Spare Snare/Sone
split release
(Anti-Social)
The Olivia Tremor Control
The Giant Day
(Drug Racer)

Split releases are generally pretty hit and miss. One band usually overshadows the other, but on this one they scratch each other's back in a complementary fashion. These are two rather thick slices of distorted pop, dipped in skewed tunings and rich in melody. I've raved about Spare Snare who, with a small handful of others, are breathing life into the UK's indie-pop underground, not seen since the early days of the Pastels and the Vaselines. "Smile It's Sugar," a fine little number from this troupe, continues this tradition of pop glory, complete with a memorable, hummable chorus and chugging guitar lines. Portland, Oregon's Sone can handle things very well on their own, working in the same fucked up pop conscious, but throw a few more curveballs our way with the addition of bouncing moog notes and piercing guitar notes that sound like they shouldn't make sense, but somehow do.

The Olivia Tremor Control have ambitiously squeezed six songs, apparently written for a film screenplay (which has yet to see the light of day), onto their single. These songs come across more like vignettes than full ideas and The Beatles' White album seems to tremor beneath it all. Musically this is all over the musical map, with experiments using tape loops, locked grooves, backward tapes, fuzzed out compositions, all resting on bent pop aesthetics. This single exemplifies the

potential of the 7" format as a great and inexpensive method of exploring new music and the means for a band to flex their musical muscles and creative impulses.

(Anti-Social P.O.Box 425 Cambridge, MA 02142)
(Drug Racer P.O.Box 2814 Athens, GA 30612-0814)



Chisel
The O.T.S./If You Believe In Christmas Trees
Darla

Grab your scooters, throw on that khaki parka, adjust that necktie and comb back your hair; the Mods are back and they're calling themselves Chisel. They're a Washington DC trio who harken back to the days of Modern World, with plenty of Jam in their back pockets. "The O.T.S." chimes away like one happy Rickenbacker guitar enthused little boy and provides a lot of fun. The kicker, however, is their version of Cardinal's "If You Believe In Christmas Trees." Originally quite an orchestrated pop moment, it's been rendered with a more garage-like expression, say if The Kinks had gotten a hold of it back in the late sixties. Well done mates...

(Darla 625 Scott St. #301 San Francisco, CA 94117)

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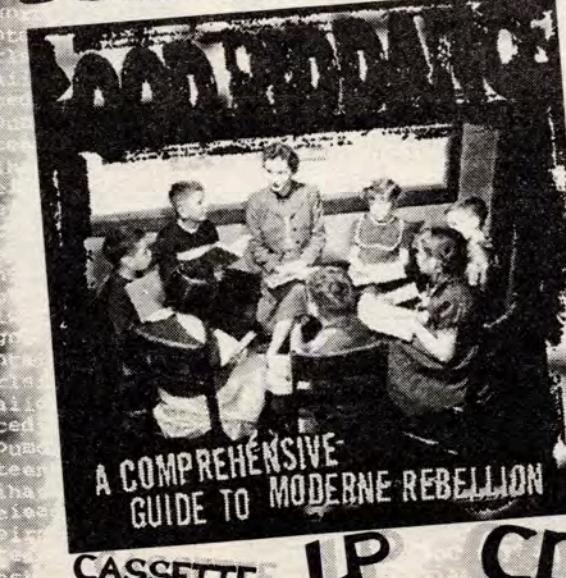


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MONDO VIDEO

by Johnson Cummins

Classroom Scare Films: Vol. 1, Drug Horrors

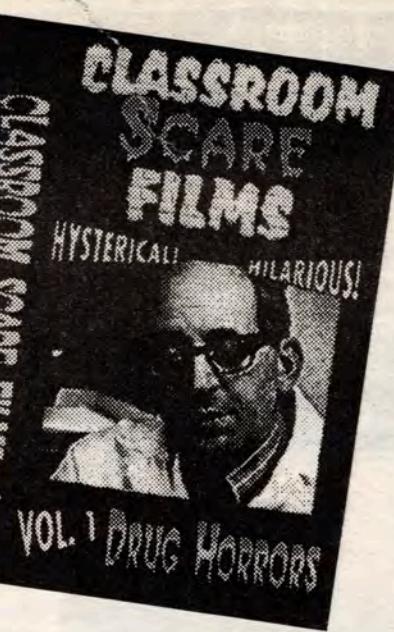
In high school we were given a choice of taking home economics class or gym class. Being the idiot I've now come to know and love, I of course chose the latter. While the home ec. class was baking cupcakes for their final exams I was suffering from friction burns caused by climbing a yellow nylon rope. If I wasn't earning my gym class credits doing that I would be counting my welts from a nice friendly game of "murder ball." If you don't recognize any of these athletic activities suffice it to say there is a reason why they're not up for consideration to become Olympic sports today. Occasionally when our teacher would come in hungover he would proclaim "it's movie time." This was the only saving

grace to this hellish class. Most of the films were your basic run of the mill "hygienic tips" but every so often we would get a propaganda film about how masturbation would make you go blind or steps on how to avoid becoming a reefer addict. Having been very well versed in both subjects at the tender age of fourteen, myself and the other "stoners" in the class (who, incidentally, later beat me up for "going punk" and wore black armbands the day the drummer of Led Zeppelin choked on yesterday's lasagna) would be laughing ourselves silly. Now thanks to the folks at Something Weird Video I can laugh my head off in the comfort of my own home.

All six films collected on this one video cassette are from the great white suburban drug scare of the late sixties and

early seventies. Everything from sniffing household solvents to falling prey to the big daddy heroin are discussed throughout the video. In the first film *Weed* we are shown pictures of American correctional facilities that look more like Turkish prisons. While the narrator tells us about the evils of "blowing grass" we are shown pictures of track marks and dope fiends attacking the camera lens with a syringe. In the third film we meet your typical Drew Barrymore character who began drinking at the age of seven only to become addicted to barbiturates by the age of ten. Her thirst for booze was fueled by her parents giving her the gin soaked olive from their Martini glasses. Sound scary kids? Of course it doesn't. It's fuckin' hilarious! In the fourth and possibly funniest of the six films, we are asked "Pot: Will it turn you on or turn you off?" Some of the facts we learn are:

- 1) Some people who "blow grass" never come down from their high. That might explain my dad always calling me by my younger brother's name.
- 2) "Pushers" will put highly addictive drugs in pot stashes to insure a more



regular buy from the customer.

3) Pot fiends will often turn to crime in order to fulfill their insatiable appetite for pot. I have yet to hear the words "in yet another pot related crime" ever come out of Lloyd Robertson's mouth.

As opposed to being a deterrent to drug use it seems more like a commercial for it. I'm currently searching for something called Goofballs, described as "like get-

ting drunk but cheaper." Since I'm trying to put my crack addict son through college I've gotta watch my pocketbook, I mean what team are these guys really on? So pass the Coca-Cola and bottle of aspirin and let's toast to the passing of the nickel bag.

Until next month KEEP OFF THE GRASS!

(Something Weird Video, Dept. Fun, P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, Wa., 98133, USA)

JAPANIMÉ

GUN SMITH CATS

Vol. 1: Neutral Zone

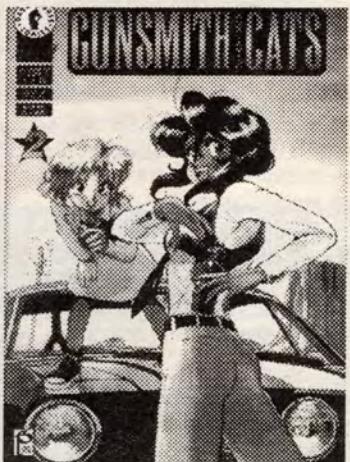
(A.D. Vision)

Cute girls, muscle cars, and hi-test handguns...these are the basic ingredients for American pie. There's a tasty one baking in Kenichi Sonoda's oven and he calls it *Gun Smith Cats*. What began as an illustration for a friend's Dojinshi (an amateur Japanese otaku-zine) is now available here as a subtitled anime video.

The manga's been out on the racks for just over a year now, so some of you may be familiar with the *Gun Smith Cats* of Chicago, Illinois. Rally Vincent is a crack-shot gun dealer who moonlights as a bounty hunter and tools around in a jacked-up, royal blue Cobra. Minnie May Hopkins, her sidekick, is eighteen and cute as a button. She's a bomb freak who won't leave the house without a couple of dozen candy-coloured hand grenades painted with hearts, kisses, and other icons of Kute.

What, the plot?! I dunno, some shit about an ATF setup, arms dealers, undercover cops and all that jazz. Look, it's all just an excuse for periodic outbreaks of high-intensity lead projection. I mean, these two actually look forward to burglars breaking into the house they share, thereby providing a little target practice.

Their lives revolve around their monomaniacal weapon obsessions. Rally, cold and distant towards men, devotes herself to the worship of cold blue steel. Minnie



May's the opposite, her explosive hi-jinx are an expression of unrestrained teen zest, and a good way to piss off her bossy, repressed "big sister." Good call, Kenichi...these two characters balance out nicely for a solid dose of giggles and gunshots.

My point of contention with this cartoon is the chop-shop quality of the animation...lots of loops, stills, and boring repeats, as well as clunky, awkward action scenes. Fortunately, the original manga's standard of accuracy is maintained in the depiction of the fastbacks and firearms. Moreover, the opening montage is a kick-ass swirl of girls, guns, and jazzy abstracts. The theme song, a corny slab of yankee sportsguitar and bumpy brass action, is a welcome change from the standard-issue maudlin Canto-pop, and not at all inappropriate for this star-spangled, fuel-injected, projectile parade. —Rupert Bottenberg

PUNKROCK PUNKROCK PUNKROCK PUNKROCK PUKROCK PUROCK rotate This NK

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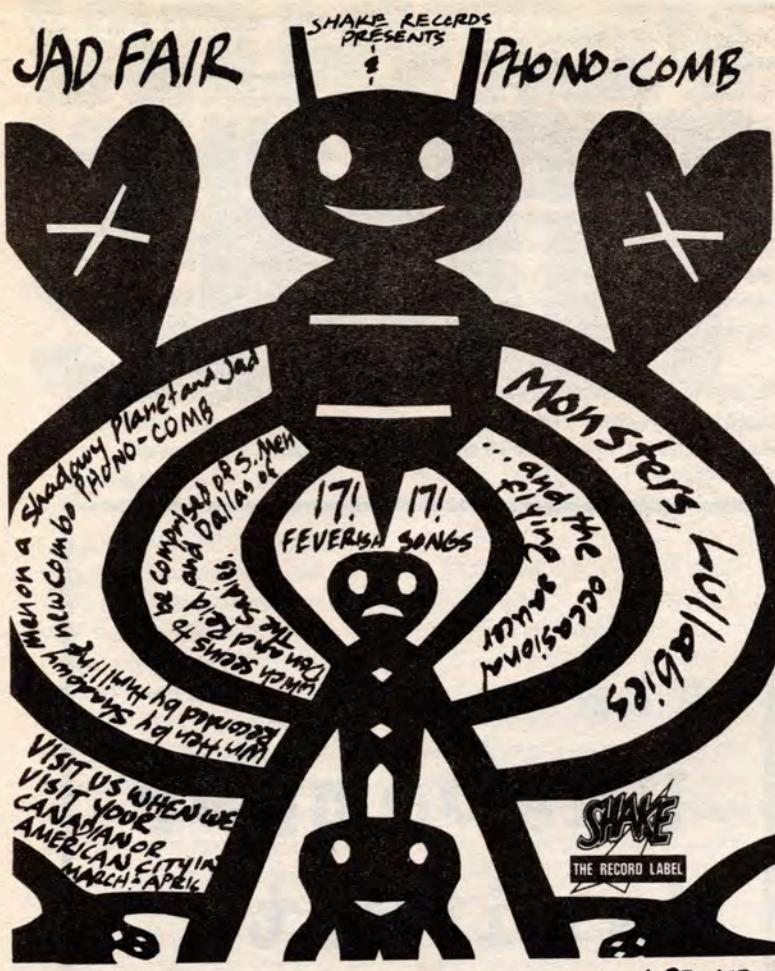
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LITERARY REVIEW



GRANTA 53

News
Penguin Books

"Tits, tots, pets, and vets." These ingredients, said Randolph Hearst, will get you an audience every time. The trouble is, this crowd grabbing formula is increasingly being used in serious journalism. If you are not convinced, check out the current issue of GRANTA, entitled *News* #53.

In *News*, Zoe Heller describes the degeneration of a new hard hitting Fox Network news magazine into tit-filled infotainment. "Hey, this is TV," says the show's executive producer. Viewers, we are told, need to be buttered up with reports of Nicole Brown's lesbianism and Pamela Lee's implants. If a little hard news slips

in along the way, well so much the better.

Other contributors to *News* tackle the manipulation of news for propaganda, and the distortion of news that inevitably occurs when a single person controls a media empire. In both cases the final product has been filtered through the special needs of governments or corporations. Your only real option is to read news which shares your bias.

Its editors call GRANTA "a paperback magazine of new writing." More accurately, it's a collection of the best new fiction, reportage, and photography being published today.

Past issues of GRANTA, still available in bookstores, cover familiar topics, often with unexpected results. *Death* (Granta 27) includes a collection of photographs entitled "Dead Faces." The photographer wanted to dispel the notion that "death must look terrible." His pictures show the surprisingly peaceful faces of corpses in a Berlin morgue. In *The Family* (subtitled, *They Fuck You Up*, GRANTA 37) Mikal Gilmore wrote about his brother Gary. Most people did not know that his brother was murderer Gary Gilmore, executed by electric chair in 1977.

GRANTA is a great place to sample new fiction. Martin Amis, Angela Carter, T. Coraghessan Boyle, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, and Milan Kundera have all appeared. The current issue has an excerpt from a upcoming book by fresh-

man novelist Paul Beatty.

Beatty's protagonist, "the whitest Negro in captivity," has been raised in all white Santa Monica. After making an offhand remark to his mother about not fitting in with other blacks, she uproots the family and moves them to an all black, West L.A. neighborhood. "I walked the streets," he says, "comfortable in the knowledge that I was a freak."

The beauty of GRANTA is that it gathers the work of the best writers into a single quarterly volume. If *News* doesn't grab you, try *Dirty Realism* (GRANTA 8), or *Best of Young British Novelists* (GRANTA 43). I guarantee you won't be disappointed.

—Alison McTavish

The Unabomber Manifesto: Industrial Society and It's Future

by Unabomber
Jolly Roger Press

"Never forget that the human race with technology is just like an alcoholic with a barrel of wine." —FC

This book is an unabridged compilation of articles submitted to the *Washington Post*, *Oakland Tribune* and *San Francisco Chronicle* by the "Unabomber." At the time the "Unabomber" only referred to himself as "FC."

After reading the Unabomber's Manifesto or *Industrial Society and Its Future* one's exhaustion is a direct repercussion of having sifted through, not only a complex individual's mind, but the waist deep problems of our suicidal industrial embrace. Will it make you think? Well, the answer to that is entirely dependant on what you have considered in lucid moments. There are no answers in this book and no one is spared this individual's wrath. No, not even the left, who according to this book, are to a large degree over-socialized babies. The essay was released as a by-product of the

efforts of US national law enforcement officials who hoped, by allowing the public to read these words, that someone would recognize the style and turn "FC" in.

A most frightening aspect for any government is that "FC" is a product of a fine education, coupled with the ability to kill those who are seen as the controllers of the world's demise. The powers that be would love to turn any aspects of truth into the ravings of a madman. Judge for yourself...it's not an easy call.

—Derrick Beckles

"In order to get our message before the public with some chance of making a lasting impression, we've had to kill people." —FC

Safarir

J'sais bien tu penses des Québécois est pas trop drôle. Mais il ya beaucoup plus que Jerry Lewis dans le monde de humour Francais est Safarir reste en haut de la montagne.

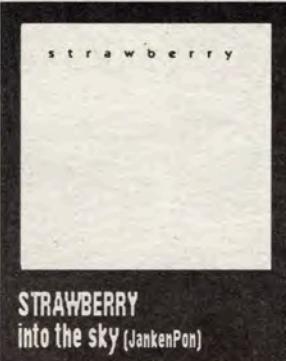
Check Red Ketchup hostie. C'est comme Tin Tin sur l'heroin recontres Columbo. Ou l'est céréales comme Frostés Freaks et Porn Flakes check ca! Pas mal eh? C'est sûr il est tellement plus bon que quelque chose blockhead comme Frank ou quelque chose comme ca.

Ci tu parles le bien français (comme moi) est tu as lire les montagnes du Mad Magazine quand tes jeunes, Safarir est le progrès parfait. C'est encourageant.

—Gavin McInnes

The Unabomber Manifesto

INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY & ITS FUTURE



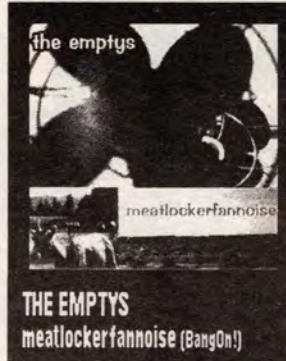
STRAWBERRY
into the sky (JankenPon)

Finally! A new 7" single which proudly displays that a quiet record can make a bold statement. They've recently bought a cool blue van and will be touring through the Maritimes, Quebec and Ontario.



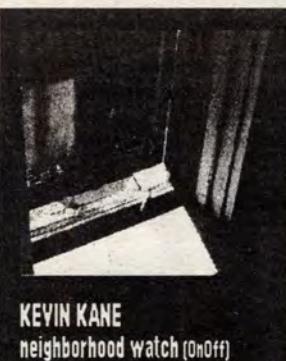
SACKVILLE
low ebb (MagWheel)

Much acclaimed quintet who started this group as a side project, but has taken over their lives to varying degrees. An imaginary North American travelogue viewed from a '67 Chevy.



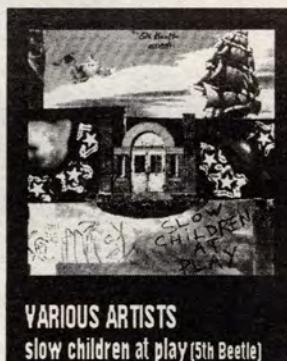
THE EMPTY'S
meatlockerfanoise (BangOn!)

Their debut release via the kind people at BangOn! Lo-fi guitar strummin' and clever daily life observations has made these guys campus radio faves.



KEVIN KANE
neighborhood watch (OnOff)

It wasn't easy coming to terms and negotiating with his own record company. After weeks of meetings, Kevin finally signed with OnOff and realized that the record company and his living were the same place.



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slow children at play (5th Beetle)

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WOMEN WHO WRITE SMUT

by Suzie Who

Writing pornography isn't for everyone. "Like, how many times can you write, 'Ooh up my ass Baby?'" asks Alex, a talented writer who failed miserably on the porn market. She wrote three comics on contract for Eros, with an artist friend before she decided she just wasn't any good at it. "My mistake was trying to make it interesting and funny. People are very serious about their porn, they don't want it to be funny. I would have been so disappointed if I were someone buying porn for the sake of porn and I wound up with my comic." She kept trying to incorporate her female role models into the story lines; victimized women, women who have 'fallen between the cracks,' like Nancy Drew who appears as an apparition before Beatrix the dominatrix to tell her how to run her life.

What? "I know. I'm so confused," she says. "Then I'd forget to write the sex scenes and have to whip out something about a popsicle." She was also kind of limited by the artist's abilities, as well as her own, because although he does great drawings, he was working from photographs. "So we couldn't have people having sex with lizards or anything like that... and boy was I ever glad when the whole fuckin' thing was over." Sound like a rotten ordeal? She didn't even make any money for her troubles. It can be somewhat lucrative but someone has to buy the comics first. "I would have been really proud if I could have written hot and dirty stuff but I couldn't." Poor Alex. Don't give up. Why don't you try dirty movies or stripping?

Well, you either have it or you don't. Daphne, an ex-stripper who does Tarot readings on the side, writes stories for mags targeted mainly at swingers and anal sex addicts. She also does some fetish and gay men stuff. The company she works for, which wishes to remain nameless, says she's the best writer they have. The only problem is that they keep telling her to make her pieces dirtier. Here's an excerpt: "Never one to blow his load early he slid his hard shaft from between my pouty, red lips and leaned back so we could both admire his saliva saturated dick." Or how about this: "My exposed muff was shining in the lights, pink swollen lips drenched with juices and an engorged clitty, just waiting for a good licking." Are you blushing yet? I think it's dirty

enough. So does her boyfriend, who "can't believe the shit she writes!"

Muff, shaft and clitty are only a few of the words in Daphne's expanding glossary. Bums are back tunnels and assholes are usually puckered. "I use puckered a lot. People like their assholes to be puckered," she says matter-of-factly (Of course we do. How's your asshole today? Oh, it's feeling much more puckered than yesterday, thank you very much). It's actually a very useful glossary. Who would have thought to call a vagina a honey pot?

As with almost all porn, she writes by formula. She receives tapes with the story line all mapped out and instructions on little details. For example, "Okay Daphne, the story is about a widow in her forties and she's hired a new gardener who is much younger than she is. When they have sex in the garden I want her to be fucking and sucking two zucchinis and his dick at the same time. Describe the wildflowers...." Wildflowers, I swear he said that. Then all Daphne has to do is string the dirty words together. Does it pay well? No. She doesn't want to say exactly how much she makes but it's well under \$500 a week for approximately five stories. Actually, writing pornography seems to be one job in the industry that people do because they like it rather than for the financial rewards. At least you get to work from home and use all sorts of fun words!

The stories are for digests that will be published in the States; a search for Canadian publications revealed nothing. "That's because Canada doesn't have the market for it. In a lot of states, especially around the bible belt, videos are illegal so these digests are the only accessible porn they have," says Frank, who works at the company Daphne writes for. All the approximately one hundred writers are Canadian and at least seventy-five percent are women. "They're better at it. They understand us men." I guess Frank hasn't considered the possibility that just as many of us women will be reading these stories (except for maybe in those bible thumping areas). Frank intends to put all the American publishers out of business. Go Frankie! Then maybe you could put some out in Canada eh? Maybe people don't read 'em because they can't find 'em.

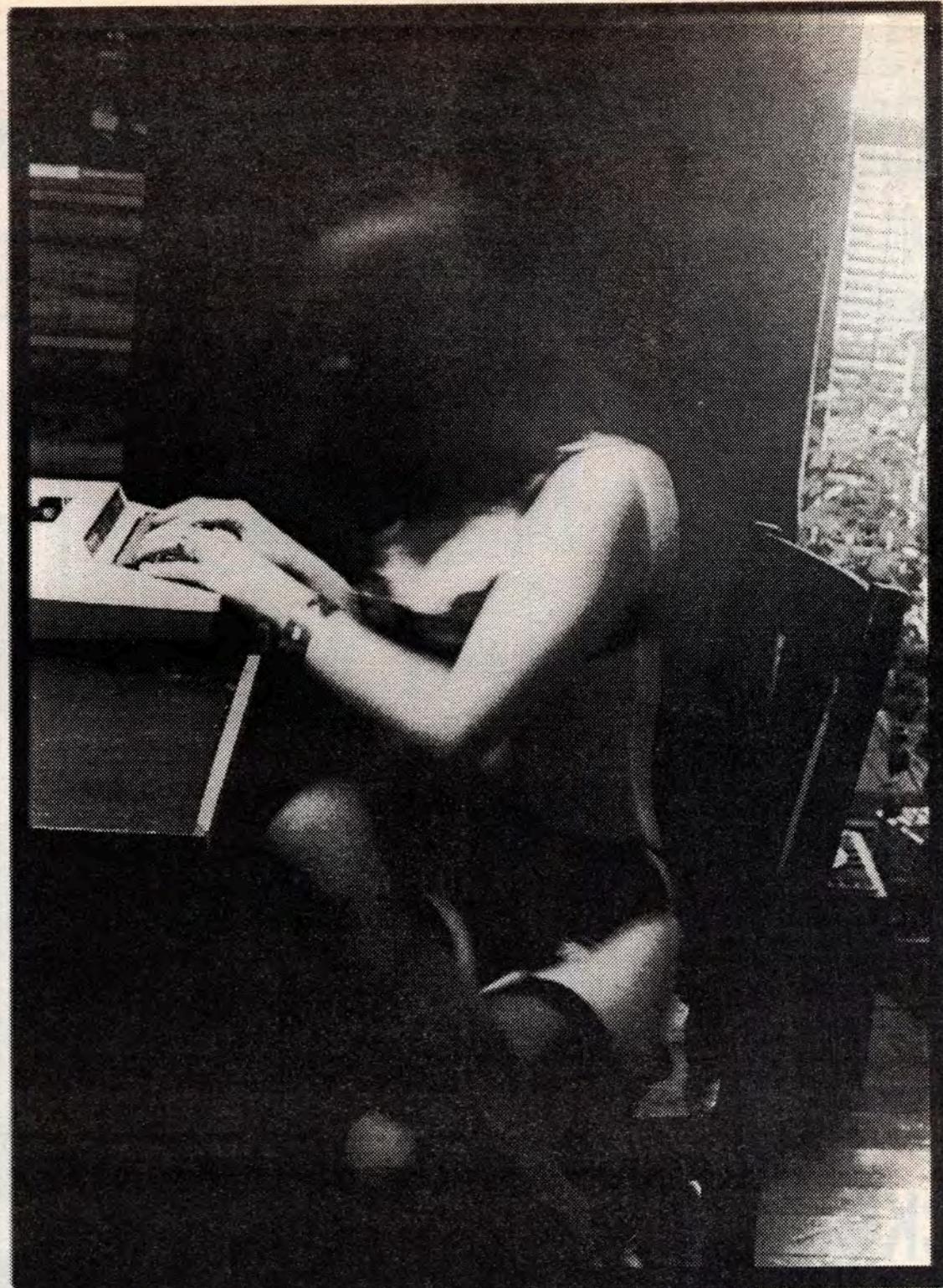
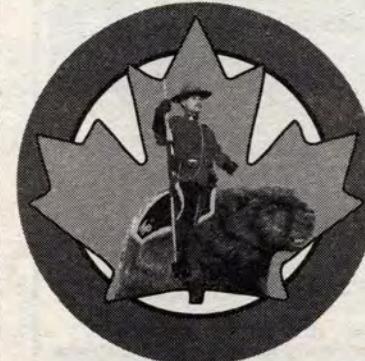


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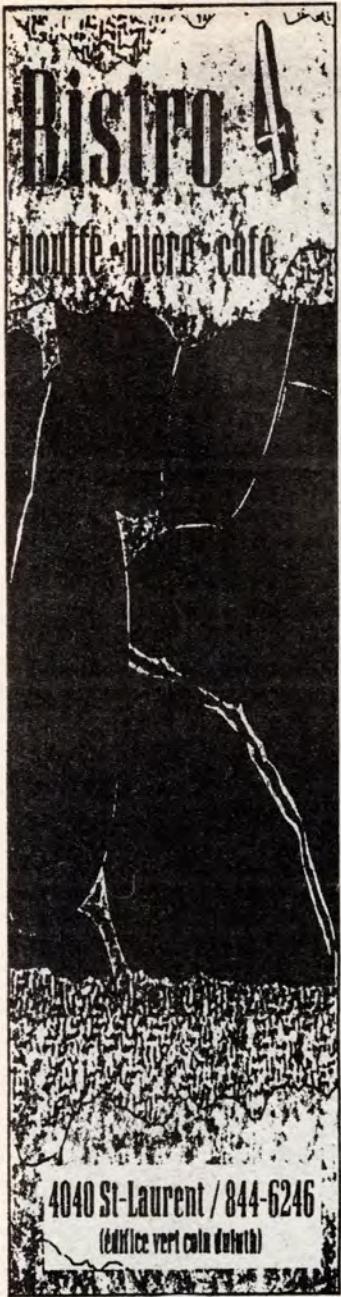
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